

Children's Newspaper, July 6, 1929

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE GREAT YARDSTICK GAME

See  
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Six

### YOUNGEST STATE'S YOUNGEST CITIZEN

#### The Pope Building Up His Kingdom

##### ITS FIRST BABY

No time has been lost by the Pope in making anew the kingdom in Rome which was once the proudest State in the world.

The Pope has named those who may be the citizens of this fragment of the Eternal City. The first are the cardinals who live in the Vatican or in Rome, and whose carriages of state may yet be seen again in Roman streets as of old.

Secondly, there are those who have a fixed residence in the Vatican, the Holy City within the Eternal City, by reason of their office at the Papal Court. Citizenship of the Vatican is conferred on the wives, children, parents, or grandparents, brothers, and sisters of those who are citizens already because of their dignity or employment. The list of citizens grows, and will continue to grow.

##### State Trade and Commerce

The Pope can add to its numbers by conferring citizenship of the Vatican as the City of London confers its freedom on the eminent and the deserving. But "this freedom" of the Vatican carries some obligations with it. It seems to bar its holders from opening shops, businesses, or factories within the Papal precincts without special permission. All trading and commercial rights are reserved to the State.

New powers are conferred on the Pope now that he becomes the Prince of a State as well as the Holy Father of the faithful. As Supreme Pontiff and Sovereign of the State he is the law-maker, the law-giver, the governor, and the judge, though he may commit his powers to others. The provisions of the new State for administering justice are extremely interesting. They resemble those of medieval Ecclesiastical Courts in England.

##### A Historic Infant

Hardly had the Pope issued the constitution of the State and the conditions of citizenship before an application for enrolment was received from an unexpected quarter. A baby was born within the Vatican.

This historic infant, the youngest citizen of the youngest European State, was the son of Signor La Bella in the office of the Pope's Chamberlain. The newcomer, therefore, hardly had to apply. He was a citizen ready-made according to the rules already cited.

Signor La Bella's son has received the names of Pio, Vittorio, Pietro, and Benito. The first is the name of a Pope, the second of Victory, the third of the first Pope of all, and Benito is the first name of Mussolini.

### Making History



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has made another little bit of history. He has flown from his home in Scotland to London, and is the first man ever to fly as Prime Minister. His three-and-a-half-hours' journey was so comfortable that he was able to read Hazlitt on the way.

### ELSIE BUYS A MIRACLE

*This story is perfectly true.*

LITTLE Elsie's mother was very ill; so ill that the doctor had almost given up hope, and Elsie listened anxiously to hear what the doctor said when he came to see her.

What he said to her father was "Nothing but a miracle can save her."

Without a word Elsie went to her money-box and took out all its contents. There was just fourpence-halfpenny in it.

She hurried off to the finest chemist's shop in the town, where they seemed to sell everything. Walking straight to the main counter, to which she could only just reach, and holding up the 4½d. she had taken from her money-box, she said "Please sir, I want a miracle."

The assistant laughed, and answered "But we haven't got any."

Then Elsie began to cry as she walked toward the door where, just at that moment, a gentleman was talking to the manager of the shop.

"Dear, dear!" said the gentleman to her. "And what is the matter now?"

It took Elsie some time between her sobs to tell the story of her mother's illness and the saving miracle that could not be bought. Then the gentleman asked her where she lived, and when she told him said "Come along, I'll go and see her."

It was a poor part of the town to which Elsie led him, and in the little house the gentleman said something to her father which she did not understand. But whatever it was it evidently surprised the father, who replied "Yes, you can see her."

The gentleman examined Elsie's mother, and then, turning to Elsie, he said "Give me your 4½d. and I will sell you a miracle."

And it was so. The local doctor was fetched and talked with the gentleman, who proved to be a very skilful surgeon, and through his skill Elsie got her mother back from death's door, and she also got her fourpence-halfpenny back with interest. The miracle of which the local doctor had spoken had been wrought.

### THE RIFT IN THE VILLAGE

#### The General, the Fishmonger, and the Creeping Ivy

##### A SUGGESTION FROM OXFORD STREET

By a Correspondent

There is to be a Lecture on Auto-Suggestion in our village, but the general, who has lived long in our midst, is not going. He does not believe in such nonsense.

Nevertheless, the fiery old man every day visits his gardener, who is ill, and cheers him up by suggesting that the sunshine will work wonders for him.

The general had a feud for some time with his neighbour over the wall about a boundary tree. The fishmonger considers it is his, and the general wants at any rate to have the right to chop off the ivy. The fishmonger dares him to try!

##### Invisible Mending

They are as strangers. The general misses his cheery evening talks with the fishmonger, who is a pugnacious sort of chap but has many sound ideas if you don't take him the wrong way.

The general's daughter is an up-to-date young person, and the other night showed to her father a parcel of silk stockings that had just arrived from a great firm in Oxford Street, beautifully and inexpensively darned. You could not see the darns.

"There was a big rift there before, Daddy," she laughed, holding one up; "now it's gone."

And at this suggestion the general fell to thinking of his rift with the fishmonger. Only one little effort on his part and the quarrel might be healed as quickly, skilfully, and entirely as the rift in the stocking. A good suggestion!

The sturdy old Briton must have made the effort, for the last time we passed the house after tea the fishmonger and the general were engaged in punishing the ivy side by side.

##### A BABY AT THE DOOR

Here is the story of a grateful old boy, God bless him!

Thirty years ago there was a little fellow called Walter Brown at Reedham Orphanage.

He grew up and went to America, where he became prosperous, though not a millionaire, or a Dick Whittington, or anything romantic like that. In his prosperity he was grateful, and he made up his mind to send the headmaster a gift for his leisure hours. That was why an Austin Seven was delivered at the orphanage the other day. Never has a Baby Austin been more welcome. We should like to tell this to the old sailor who said he had met with longitude and latitude, but never gratitude.



## THE LEAGUE IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE

### SPAIN'S COMPLIMENT

The Nation's Welcome to the  
Council in Madrid

### A PEACE STAMP

In the Parliament House at Madrid the Council of the League of Nations held its fifty-fifth session for a week in June as the guest of Spain.

The invitation had been given when the country came back into the League, and nothing was left undone in the way of welcome when the much-anticipated event took place. The whole of the Parliament House was offered for use.

### The Blue Horse-Shoe Table

But even the Council of the League likes to feel at home and in touch with its own accustomed surroundings, and so, in the oval Senate Chamber of white marble, with royal canopy and red plush chairs, where the public meetings were held, there was the blue horse-shoe table from Geneva around which it has sat for so many times, and which has now become historic.

Madrid certainly grew more familiar with the League in that week in June than it had ever been before. The King received guests in his palace, the Government at the Foreign Office, the Mayor at the City Hall, the Minister of Education at the beautiful Fine Arts Club, as well as the British Ambassador at the Embassy, while a special invitation was given to the Council to visit the new University City.

### Lessons to 35,000 Children

Crowds of citizens watched delegates passing in and out of the Senate House and doubtless wondered what was happening, and 35,000 children had school lessons that week on the aims and work of the League. A kindly thought on the part of a Spanish member of the Secretariat spread at least the name of the League even farther, to boys and girls in every country who collect stamps, for the usual Spanish stamps were marked with the official inscription and, the language of Spain being sufficiently like other Latin tongues to make it easy to guess, we have no difficulty in recognising it. It is:

*Sociedad de las Naciones  
LV reunión del Consejo  
Madrid.*

Another delightful happening arising out of the Council session in Madrid was an invitation to the international newspaper people who had accompanied it to visit the great exhibition at Seville as guests of the Director. The exhibition is not in the least a second Wembley; it is a rich treasure house of art, a picture-story of the history and commerce which bind Spain to its great provinces in South and Central America. These provinces are nearly all ardent members of the League of Nations, and those of us who write about the League and its doings will in future have a much better idea of this group of nations belonging to it as a result of this most kindly thought of the Director of the Seville Exhibition.

### 400 ACRES OF BEAUTY FOR MAIDSTONE

Maidstone is taking to itself a most picturesque piece of Kent lying close upon its borders.

It is the beautiful Mote Park, covering about five hundred acres. The town has paid £50,000 for the land, and is to preserve 400 acres of the space as a pleasure ground, the other 100 acres on the fringes of the park being kept for building.

The park has a thirty-acre lake and much wonderful timber, and, with it goes, as a present from Lord Bearsted, a fine cricket ground to be preserved for ever for the playing of the game.

## TEA-TIME TANTRUMS

### THE CHIMPANZEE PARTIES AGAIN

The Zoo Restores a Very  
Popular Institution

### LIFE WITH THE APES

By Our Natural Historian

Chimpanzee tea-parties, which were long a feature of summer afternoons at the Zoo but had to be discontinued last year, are about to be resumed.

The company of the four-handed guests will not be quite the same, for three of the apes will appear no more. Two are dead, and a third, one of the toughest and healthiest, has reached that stage which comes to all the great apes when they may turn savage.

The chimpanzees are sweet-tempered up to about ten. They are then nearing maturity, which we may consider 15, an age corresponding to 21 in human beings and 25 in an elephant. Then they are no longer safe. They grow morose and moody, and their moods may at any time blaze out into passion.

### Like Spoiled Children

Until then they are very amusing and appealing, extraordinarily like spoiled children. They drink milk from cups; they sit at table and eat grapes, bananas, and other food; they help each other politely, and they love a romp. In all this they are schooled to politeness in advance by their keeper.

But they have ways that he does not have to teach which are startlingly human. They love to swing on a door, just as children do, and when they are made to get down before they are ready they scream and howl like rude, unmannerly boys. Their cry is not our youthful "hoo-hoo," but, very much like it, "hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo," developing with increasing rage and woe into roars of anger.

To check the riot the keeper gives them a grape or picks them up and nurses them, whereupon the yell of rage gradually yields to something very much like a smile and murmurs of unmistakable content, unless bed is indicated, when the little offender breaks out again.

### When the Apes Grow Up

But these amiable features pass with the coming of age. All the great apes are volcanic as they grow up. Probably we shall never have an adult gorilla for that reason. They are too passionate, as well as too powerful, to handle, although men of most experience say that the sadness which captivity would mean to an adult would be more likely to end its life than its rage for freedom. A full-grown gorilla caged would be as a captive Samson from the wilds.

It is one of the marvels of life that not all great animals grow to ferocity with increasing years and power. Were the condition to apply to all there would be no domestic animals in the world. Who could have tamed the elephant if stormy rage were added to the huge strength of the adult? Who could have tamed the horse if it possessed an orang-utan's temper?

### Allies and Servants

A man dare do more with a full-grown captive lion or tiger than with a full-grown wolf, more with a great hunting leopard—the cheetah—than with many a baboon. Dogs, cats, ferrets—all the company of hoofed animals which serve us—seem gifted with qualities of friendship which other animals lack, and we, profiting by those qualities, have taken unto ourselves allies and servants whose labours have raised us from savage wanderings in the wilds to settled homes, the possession of property, to civilisation.

There is no changing the nature of the great apes; we must be thankful such natures are peculiar to but few and not common to all animals. E. A. B.

## MADAME TURK IS FREE

### KEMAL PASHA'S LATEST WORK

One of the Most Tremendous  
Changes Coming Over the East  
SHOWING THE WAY TO INDIA

Mustafa Kemal Pasha, who loves new things and new ways, can yet appreciate an old proverb. We think he must believe in the one which says:

*Where women are honoured God smiles on that country: where women are degraded it is useless to pray to God.*

It is true enough, if we look on the world today. Certain nations treat women as the slaves of their menfolk, who sell them into marriage, make them into beasts of burden, refuse them any voice in important matters, and will not even let them eat with their husbands. But these nations are all poor, unrestful, stricken with disease, and for the most part under the rule of some foreign nation which is strong and prosperous because its women are free.

### Life as It Used To Be

Kemal Pasha, who desires to make Turkey great, knows he cannot do so till he has raised up Turkish womanhood.

Before his reforms the Turkish women were simply prisoners. They had to live in a special part of the house, never leaving it except with special permission, under guard, with faces muffled in veils. They were married to men they had never seen before. Each husband could have four wives, and he could divorce any one of them, however blameless, by telling her three times before witnesses to go away. The law did not force him to make any provision for her.

Of course, no girl could go to a school or a concert or a dance. They could not take healthy exercise. They simply sat about all day, eating sweets and playing childish games.

### The New Order of Things

Kemal Pasha has altered all this. He has given the Turkish women every freedom English women have except the franchise, and that will be theirs in time. They are allowed to vote at municipal elections already.

Men are allowed only one wife, and the divorce laws have been reformed. Women are encouraged to go about freely and the unhealthy veil has been forbidden. Girls who must have spent a lifetime of idleness if it had not been for the Pasha are now becoming doctors, lawyers, teachers, and journalists. Others have found work in banks and shops, which they could never have done in the days of the harem and the veil.

Of course there are a few women who regret these changes, but the great bulk of Turkish people, men and women, rejoice in them. Women are thankful for freedom, and men are glad to have wives and daughters who are true companions and not uneducated dolls.

### Liberty as a Reward

Mustafa Kemal has said that the War of Independence could never have been won without the Turkish women, and nobly has he rewarded them with liberty. In some five or six years they have proved that they could use liberty without abusing it. The first thing they did was to seek education.

We wish the men of India would look honestly on the changes in Turkey. Half the sorrows and nearly all the sickness in India come from shutting up women away from fresh air and sunlight, and denying them a doctor's care when they need it most. When India frees her women from child marriage and bondage then India will become great and strong and happy. Till then it is useless to pray to the gods.

## THE QUEEN'S CHEQUE-BOOK

The Queen's Doll's House  
AND 2000 PEARL BUTTONS

The working-girls of Hoxton, needing a place for rest and recreation, planned a fine hostel, and the Queen sent £100 toward it.

After a time the Queen asked how things were getting on, and was told that money came in slowly. She sent the hostel builders £6000, the money earned by the exhibition of the Queen's Doll's House at Wembley.

Later she inquired again and found that the scheme must fall to the ground unless a further £2000 were raised. Money was wanted for so many other charitable causes that it seemed as if the girls of Hoxton must lose their hostel. Then the Queen opened her cheque-book again and sent £2000.

The hostel was finished at last, thanks to the Queen, and she was asked to open it. She chose a certain day convenient to herself. But a social worker whispered in the Queen's ear that to come on this day would ruin the street hawkers. So the Queen changed her arrangements for the costermongers.

No wonder they turned up in hundreds to cheer her when she opened the hostel. No wonder the Princess of Hoxton, Rose Phillips, in a dress gleaming with 2000 pearl buttons, had a bunch of flowers and a smile for the Queen.

## THE COMIC DOGS OF OXFORD

### A Performance for a Hospital

Wingfield Orthopaedic Hospital, Oxford, has just had a delightful day with the funniest dogs of Oxford.

This is the second comic dog show at Wingfield, and it will not be the last. Dogs came from near and far with their owners, and the dogs thoroughly enjoyed making fools of themselves.

All the dogs insulted last year came cheerfully to be insulted again. There was a three-legged race which no one is likely to forget, and an electric hare race in which the hare did not always act its part. The small girl patients were judges of the dog-fancy-dress parade. Grown-ups judged the other entries in the show.

A list of the events of the show tells its own tale. Prizes were given for:

1. Dog with longest tail
2. Most bandy-legged dog
3. Tortoise race
4. Fattest dog
5. Dog with longest legs
6. Electric hare race
7. Worst mongrel
8. Dog with most sympathetic eyes
9. Three-legged race
10. Fancy dress parade
11. Dog with prettiest child owner
12. Egg and spoon race
13. Smallest dog of over one year
14. Largest dog
15. Dog with most spots
16. Ugliest dog

## THINGS SAID

I fought my election in the Welsh language. Miss Lloyd George, M.P.

Do not quarrel over peace. So many pacifists put the emphasis on the "fist."

Rev. J. H. Saxton

Is there a man in the world who knows what his wife intends to do in five minutes?

Mr. Justice Swift

The influence of the Church in the cause of peace is something to make us ashamed.

Bishop of Salisbury

Nearly everybody is afraid of something.

Mr. Robert Lynd

*Faith, Hope, Charity, these three: but the greatest of these is Charity.*

Saint Paul

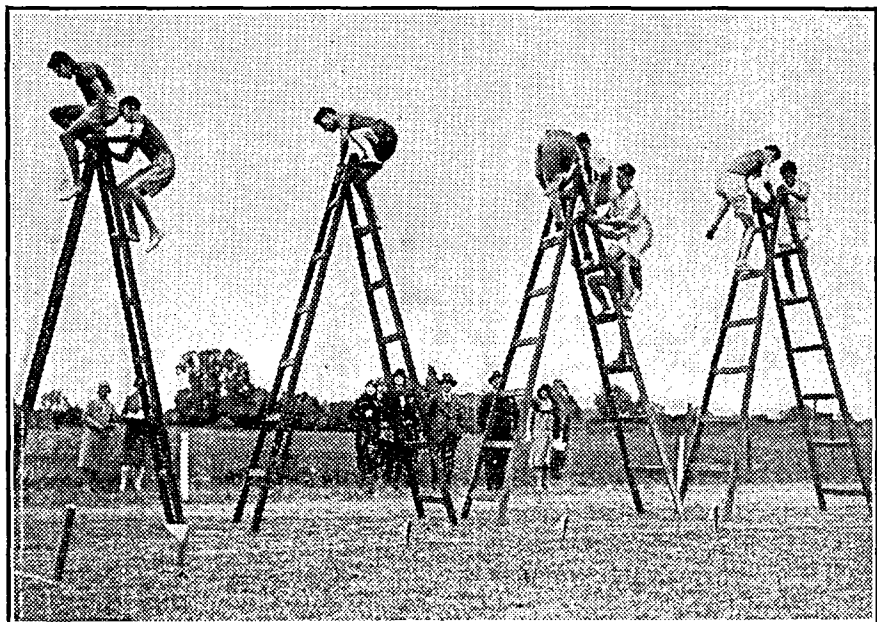


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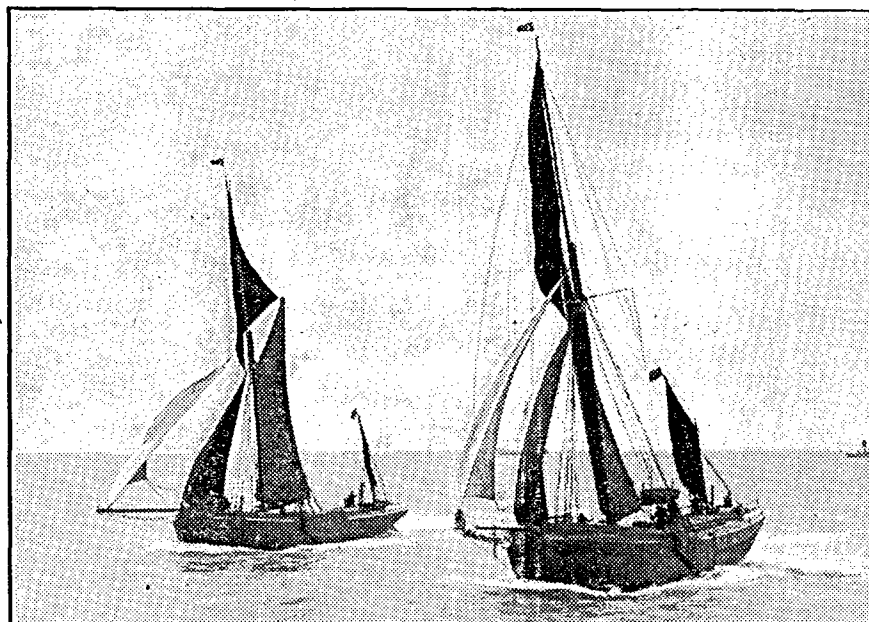
The Children's Newspaper

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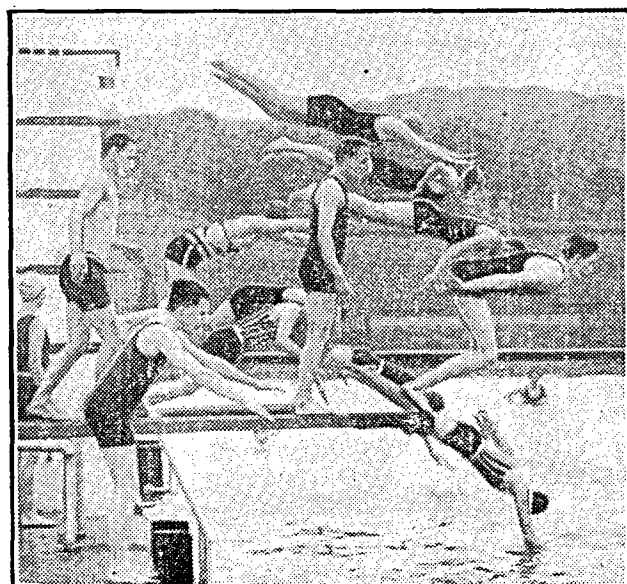
# RACE BETWEEN BARGES · CHAIN FIRE-ESCAPE · HENLEY REGATTA



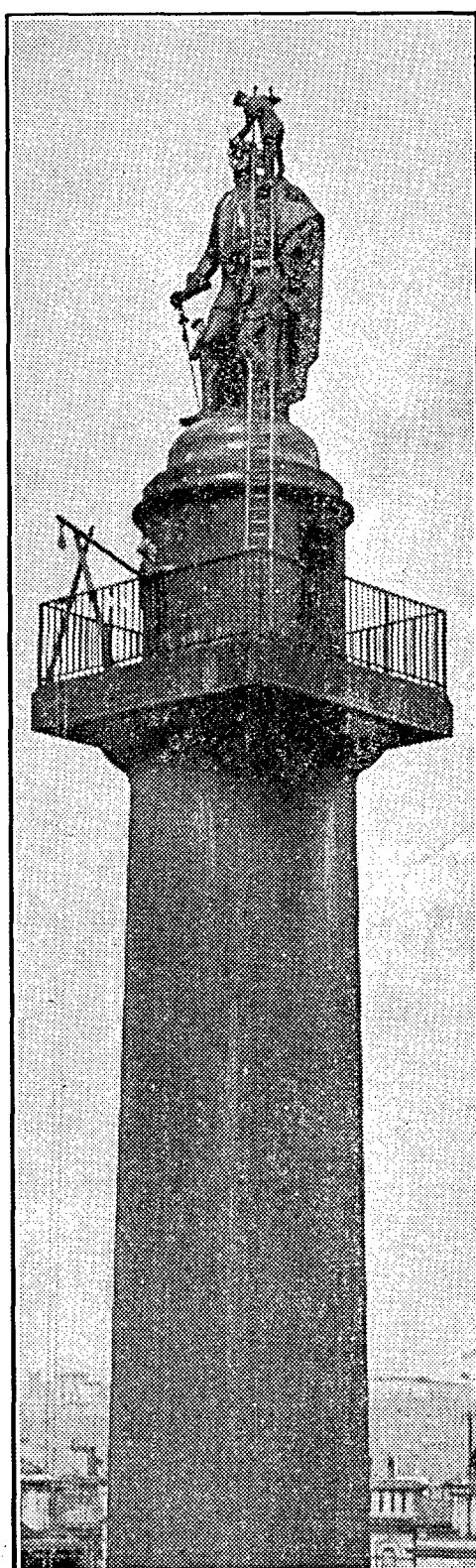
Over the Ladders—The obstacle race is a popular event at almost every athletic meeting. Here we see an exciting moment during the sports of a motor-car factory at Slough.



A Race Between Barges—This picture, taken during a race in the Thames estuary, shows that the barges so familiar to Londoners are graceful craft when under full sail in open water.



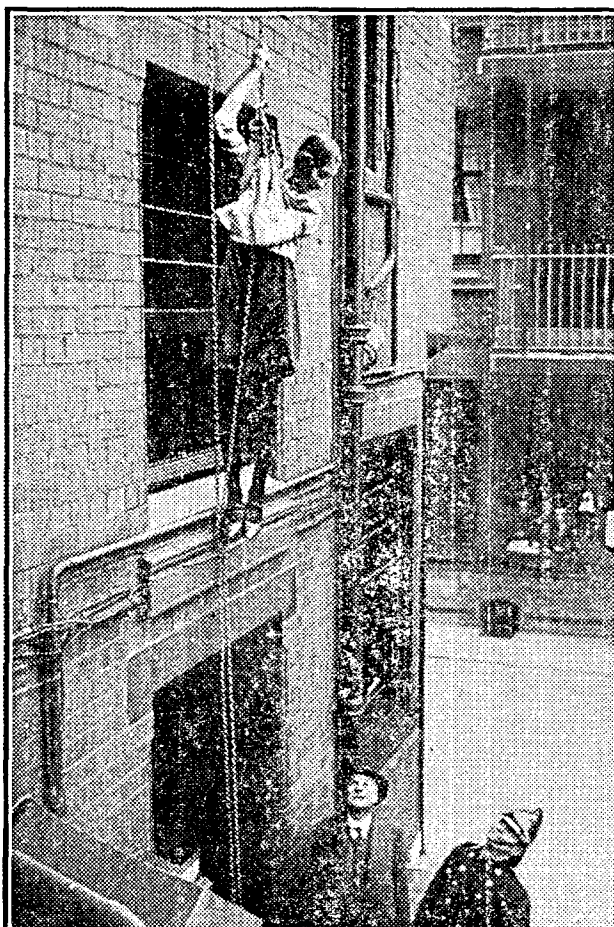
A Big Splash—The splendid new swimming-bath at Hornsey is a very popular resort on a hot day. These swimmers made a big splash when they all plunged into the water together.



Cleaning Up the Duke—Workmen are here seen cleaning the statue of the Duke of York that stands on the great column in Waterloo Place, London.



Queer Sight in London—Fierce-looking wild animals were seen on the pavement in South Kensington when some of the stuffed specimens were removed from the Imperial Institute Museum.



Chain Fire-escape—This new kind of fire-escape consists of a chain hanging on an ingenious pulley, so that a person hooked on to it by means of a belt is gently lowered to the ground.



Henley Regatta—Henley provides some of the finest rowing and sculling to be seen anywhere. Here is a scene on the course, where the regatta is now taking place.



## THE MYSTERY OF THE SWALLOWS

### WHY ARE THEY FEWER?

Frosts, Winds, Rains, Flies,  
and Bandit Sparrows

### NO REASON TO DESPAIR

By Our Natural Historian

Mystery surrounds the various species of birds in England we group as swallows. Once more a decline in their numbers is being noted, and various attempts are being made to account for it.

One article in a grown-up paper states emphatically that the decline of swallows in our midst is due entirely to the decline in the number of house flies, the food of the birds. Since we began to clean up our towns, we are told, flies have greatly decreased in numbers, so causing a food shortage for swallows. Therefore if we are cleanly of habit we cannot have swallows.

#### House Flies

But Nature does not work so simply and directly as that. Swallows never in this world depended upon house flies for their diet. House flies do not fill the air. As soon as they escape from their chrysalis cases they attempt to get indoors, into our houses, shops, stables, and cowsheds.

Swallows hawk high and low for their prey where no house flies are. They are busy over the open fields, up in the blue sky, over the water. There are no house flies there. The insects they take come more from ponds and pools, from lakes and marshy land, and these are not the places in which house flies arise, although they do help us by catching any insects flying near our buildings.

Nobody can say with certainty what causes the reduction in our swallow population. A much likelier influence is the inclemency of spring in our land during recent years. The swallows arrive with the great hosts of other migrants returning from Africa and need generous and constant supplies of winged insects to keep them alive.

#### Weather Factors

Late frosts, bitter winds, and cold rains prevent insects from multiplying, and where there is scarcity of insect life there is poverty for swallows. Even if the adult birds do not die of starvation they become enfeebled. They do not nest as soon as they should, they do not rear as many nestlings as they might were spring kind, summer early, and food supplies unailing.

One minor influence upon their lives here must be the enormous multiplication of sparrows about domestic dwellings. The house martin loves human habitations for its little mud bungalow, and returns faithfully year after year to the same spot.

Too often they find the old nest tenanted by sparrows, which beat off the rightful owners. Cases are known in which sparrows have actually evicted swallows after these have built, turned them out, driven them away, and seriously hurt them in the struggle for a suitable home.

#### A Good Plan

It is a good plan, if we wish to befriend the martins, to knock down their old nests when they leave for the winter, so that sparrows cannot take possession and convert the entire site into a bandit colony to which martins return only to despair and dismay. Martins will quickly build afresh if unhampered by enemies in possession.

In any event we need not despair, for there is an outgoing total to balance against the incoming. We shall see swallows in clouds when the time for migration returns. Two or three good springs and summers might entirely make good our losses and firmly re-establish our stock. E. A. B.

## AN OLD ROOM'S SECRET

### Is it From the House Beautiful?

### THE MUSEUM EXHIBIT FROM JOHN BUNYAN'S WORLD

A mystery room has come to town for any of us to see.

A room without a door is an odd sort of room indeed. A room entered by the panelling has an air of conspiracy about it. There is a long Latin inscription over the mantelpiece, but it does not tell us much about this old room:

*Live unto others, and yet unto thyself thou shalt be dead; whatever is alive in thee let the spirit within thee nourish. Thou shalt deem thy body and thy lands and thy houses to be sepulchres of thy living self, lest from them any strength should be given to thy transgressions. By dying continually thou shalt proceed to live eternally; and so the day which is hideous to many shall be propitious to thee.*

Nothing there tells us what the room was used for when it was new. It seems too severe for a living-room, so tall is it, with its fluted pilasters and its ceiling covered in moulded pigeons with blue feathers and red feet.

#### Wonderful Panelling

Lovers of old and beautiful things have presented the room to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where we may enter it through a newly-made door. Its wonderful panelling of unpainted pine was found in a Bedfordshire farmhouse, and records show that it was taken thither in 1794. But it came from a far grander building, and it was made in the reign of James the First. What was the first home of this strange old room?

Some say its home was also the home of that lady whom Ben Jonson immortalised in verse:

*Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
Death, ere thou hast slain another  
Learned and fair and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.*

It is highly probable that the room came from Houghton House, a few miles from Bedford. Besides being the home of the famous Countess of Pembroke, it is famed because a certain poor tinker loved its beauty. Most people now believe that John Bunyan took for the "true original of the House Beautiful" in Pilgrim's Progress the stately Bedfordshire pile known as Houghton House.

#### A House That Can Never Perish

Part of the house stands in a museum, and part of it stands for ever in one of the greatest of English classics. Happy is Houghton House, for it can never perish like other houses.

We should still like to know more. When the Pembrokes slid back the panelling what did they do in that stately room? Did they use it for banquets, or was it a gallery where they paced up and down talking secret things? We can only feel certain that no one played with a doll, or knitted a sock, or wrote novels in it.

#### WHO WILL POST A MAGAZINE?

Hundreds of children in the mission schools in Nigeria would much appreciate back numbers of My Magazine, and any C.N. reader who can spare them is asked to send them on to The Secretary, Bishop Tugwell Diocesan Fund, 24, Grey Street, Newcastle.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Heidelberg . . . . Hy-del-bairg  
Krakatoa . . . . Krah-kah-to-ah  
Miami . . . . My-ahm-e  
Xenophon . . . . Zen-o-fon

## GREEN POLITICS IN JERUSALEM

No part of the world has a greater need for forests and widespread tree-planting than Palestine.

References to trees abound in the early Hebrew writings—the olive, the palm, the cedar, the pine, the fir, the mulberry, the oak, the plane, the fig, and the vine—but today nothing strikes the visiting stranger more than the bareness of the land.

Trees are needed to prevent the soil from being washed away and to modify the climate; to serve for timber and for fruit-growing. Happily, Palestine appears to be realising that it suffers from this great want, and is being stirred up to prepare for a better future.

#### A Pressing Need

Already its Department of Agriculture and Forestry is busy battling with this pressing requirement. It is raising a new forest named after Earl Balfour, who is rightly regarded as one of its great benefactors, and at a recent meeting held in Jerusalem a widely representative committee resolved to establish a Forest League to unite the cultivators of the soil in a national effort to plant trees in all available places. It is a movement that should interest every country which has had its thoughts drawn to Palestine.

The meeting at which the Forestry League was formed had the great advantage of the presence and the advice of Mr. St. Barbe Baker, the energetic founder of the society known as the Men of the Trees.

Mr. Baker has set himself the task of raising the sum of £10,000 from sympathisers with the movement in all parts of the world. In passing through the land he had, he said, been greatly impressed as a forester by what he had seen. He found that the need for tree-planting was being actively taught to the young. At one tree-planting ceremony he saw 4000 children assembled, and what he called "the tree sense" was being keenly aroused.

#### Bounty of the Big Trees

In enforcing the beauty and the usefulness of trees he quoted the words of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, one of the fine American poets still happily among us, words that have the ring of the old Hebrew literature.

*I will sing of the bounty of the big trees,  
They are the green tents of the Almighty,  
He hath set them up for comfort and for shelter.*

*Their cords hath he knotted in the earth,  
He hath driven their stakes securely,  
Their roots take hold of the rocks like iron.*

*The tall palm trees of the plain are rich in fruit,  
While the fruit ripeneth the flower unfoldeth,  
The beauty of their crown is renewed on high forever.*

*The cedars of Lebanon are fed by the snow,  
Afar on the mountain they grow like giants,  
In their layers of shade a thousand years are sighing.*

*He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,  
He provideth a kindness for many generations,  
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.*

The Attorney-General of Palestine pleaded that the people of the country should adopt "green politics" as their only politics until this need is overcome.

In short it seems as though the wisdom of looking ahead for the good of future generations is winning a most hopeful sympathy from the people of Palestine for the tree-planting movement, and in some districts it is taking the form of each family planting one tree yearly—a plan by which great results might quickly be attained.

## A MILL HILL BOY

### Peter Collinson and What He Did

#### EXCHANGING KNOWLEDGE

Peter Collinson. By Norman Brett-James. (Friends Book Centre. 15s.)

An appreciation in My Magazine of that good old scientific worthy Peter Collinson reminds us of a most welcome volume on this forgotten man.

Forgotten for generations, this botanical Quaker owes his literary resurrection to Major Norman Brett-James, master at Ridgeway House, Mill Hill School, who has written the Life of this distinguished Mill Hill boy.

Peter Collinson, who died in 1768, lived at Ridgeway House on the site where, 40 years after his death, Mill Hill School was founded and where his biographer is a prominent master. It must be a rarity indeed for the past and present to meet so happily on the same spot, and for a diligent biographer there to rescue a national benefactor after a century and a half of forgetfulness. Yet that is what Major Brett-James has done for Peter Collinson.

#### A Prosperous Mercer

Peter Collinson was a prosperous mercer in London, trading largely abroad, and specially with the American Colonies. He was a confirmed correspondent, and had the knack of making and keeping friends. It was a time when scientific inquiry was beginning to stir everywhere, and Collinson had naturally an inquiring mind and a complete belief in the exchange of knowledge internationally. The Earth was seen to be producing in each place things unknown in other places—plants, flowers, fruits, trees, medicines—all of which it would be an advantage to exchange, and he set about the task of exchange in a decidedly practical way.

There are quite a number of things growing in this country, and regarded as belonging to it, that might not have been here at all but for the inquiries and the energy of Peter Collinson. He was an enthusiastic importer and exporter of things that grow. He knew the inquiring men of other lands, students like Linnaeus and Benjamin Franklin, collectors like Sir Hans Sloane, and all who made private collections of plants, great and small.

#### The Start of Kew Gardens

He was concerned in the start of Kew Gardens and some departments of the British Museum, and his own gardens, where Mill Hill School now stands, were famous. He stimulated the study of botany in men who became better known than himself, though he did enough to be made a member of the Royal Societies of London, Berlin, and Stockholm.

It is very pleasing to see interest in this busy Quaker reviving, and there are not a few men like him who might well have a similar "resurrection in the minds of men" if they can find a biographer ready and willing to dig deep for hidden facts, as Major Brett-James has done in this welcome book.

#### PETER IN SEARCH OF A FLOWER

Peter Puck is worried.

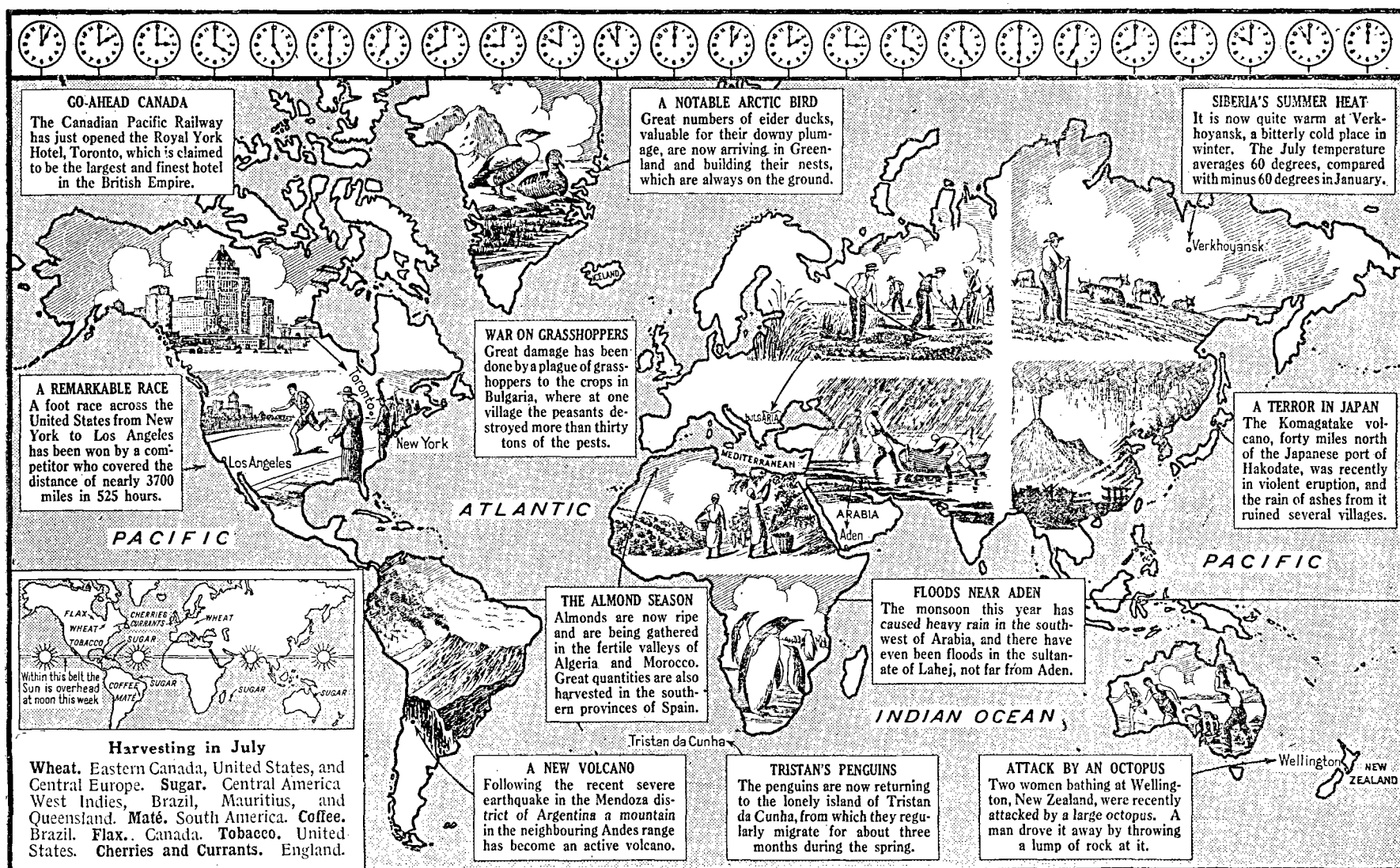
He has read an article on what men ought to wear for very smart occasions, and it contained this cryptic sentence:

A farther note of gaiety can be added by the buttonhole, which should be white, pink, or red. Men cannot wear other colours, and roses are entirely out of place, as are all flowers except cornflowers, carnations, and Lord Lonsdale's favourite white gardenia.

Peter has tried every florist's shop he knows, and he has entirely failed to procure a white, pink, or red cornflower. Can anyone direct him?



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## PERE THILL FINDS A FORTUNE

## The Rag-Picker of Paris

By a Paris Correspondent

Six bank-notes of a thousand francs apiece and thirty pieces of gold!

Père Thill, an old rag-picker of Paris, returned home tired after his usual early morning search for odds and ends. He emptied his sack on the floor to sort out the things he had picked up when, lo and behold, a number of gold pieces rolled out of an old newspaper wrapping.

Nor was this all, for concealed in the folds of the paper he discovered six 1000-franc notes. It was a fortune!

How comfortable he could be with all that money! Yet perhaps it belonged to somebody who could ill-afford to bear the loss. The rag-picker's conscience said "You are right, Père Thill," so he wrapped the treasure neatly in the old paper and took it to the police station.

But if the money is not claimed within a year it will become his property.

## NO HUTCHES FOR OTTERS

A sad little tale comes from Bourne, in Lincolnshire.

Some children were playing near the river when an otter came out and, strange to say, the wild creature followed the children home. Their father caught it in the garden, and put it in a hutch.

It died, of course.

No one should try to make a pet of an otter unless he can give it the run of a big garden with a pond. It is sad to think that so many people who love animals are cruel to them without meaning to be cruel; they put birds in cages and try to keep wild animals like otters in hutches.

There is no exception to the rule that wild beasts are happier living a wild life. We should make our pets of dogs, cats, and horses.

## THE LAST CANADIAN GOES HOME

The last member of the Canadian Expeditionary Force to go home.

He is Major James Gillies, of Regina, Saskatchewan, who had the lower part of his jaw blown away at Cambrai in October, 1918.

Ever since then he has been in hospital. He has gone through 44 operations. At last, by grafting, the surgeons have been able to build him up a new jaw, and he can go home.

Major Gillies joined up in 1914. War has taken fifteen years of his life. He fought in a war to end war. He goes home with men everywhere talking of the next war. Let us see to it that all his sacrifice shall not be in vain.

## YOUNG SMUTS

We think everyone will be glad that among the 14 candidates who have been placed in the first class of the Mechanical Sciences Tripos at Cambridge is Mr. J. D. Smuts.

As a rule, such news is welcomed feverishly by a few relatives, and the world cares nothing.

But Mr. J. D. Smuts happens to be the son of General Smuts, who earned the gratitude of us all in the Great War and the part he played after it. Therefore, everyone will be glad that he has good news.

Mr. J. D. Smuts had previously won a scholarship for mathematical science. He belongs to Christ's College and the Transvaal University. His father, too, is a Cambridge man.

## TWO SPARROWS

A pair of adventurous sparrows were recently found in a Welsh coal mine, two miles from the pit-bottom.

Their darksome journey back to the sunlight was made easy when the kindly colliers placed them in a large tin, in which the truant birds were conveyed to the surface and liberated.

## THE SARACEN'S HEAD

In a recent issue of the C.N. it was said that the old Saracen's Head hostel at King's Norton has been bought for the Parish Church, and comments were made on the changed uses to which it would now be devoted.

A courteous local correspondent points out that the owners of the property, Messrs. Mitchells and Butlers, of Cape Hill, Birmingham, generously made a free gift of it to the Parish Church, and we gladly give this correction.

The Saracen's Head, a half-timbered building reputed to be of fifteenth-century origin, nestles in a corner of the old village green. Some elaborately moulded and massive ceiling timbers indicate that it was probably a manor house, and certainly at some time it was the bailiff's residence. Several times it has been reconstructed.

It is recorded that Queen Henrietta, wife of Charles the First, stayed one night at the house on a visit in 1643. The manor was a part of her marriage dower.

The history of the place adds a romantic value to its future uses.

## VESUVIUS WRITING IN THE SKY

Vesuvius has written its signature in the sky.

Since the recent eruption took place a whitish veil of its dust has drifted into the upper air of Southern Germany.

It remained visible there for three days, and the observers at the Heidelberg Observatory were convinced that this veil was not cloud or mist. It could only be the finely divided volcanic ash shot up by the violence of the explosions and held in suspense by the upper air currents.

Many years ago, when Krakatoa blew up, near Java, the skies of the Western Hemisphere were filled weeks afterwards by the dust flung up by this volcanic explosion. The dust was carried all round the world, and the evening skies shone red in its reflections.

## TWO FRIENDS ON A ROPE

## One Taken, the Other Left

Let us honour the memory of Paul Seidel, an Austrian who has just given up his life for his friend Rudolf Reider.

The two were making a difficult climb on the Speckkarspitze, in the Karwendel Range, and Seidel was ahead, roped to his friend. Seidel was grasping a projection with a drop of many hundreds of feet below him when he became very faint. He knew that he would not be able to hold on.

He would take no risks for his friend, and directly he felt the faintness he called: "Cut the rope at once!"

Reider obeyed, and Seidel fell over the cliff-side to his death, while Reider was saved.

It is a story not only of self-sacrifice but of wonderful presence of mind, and Seidel's name will live in the annals of the Alps.

## A NEW THING DONE BY THE SUN

## Pure Water from the Sea

The ever-resourceful French colonists have been making drinkable distilled water from sea water by means of an ordinary garden frame, and as a result, at one very dry station at Antofagasta, in the Chile desert of Atacama, no less than 22 tons of distilled water have been made daily from sea water containing five times as much salt as the water of the Mediterranean Sea.

Slanting panes of glass are arranged so that the vapour of the warm sea water condenses on them and runs downwards into a gully which collects the water in a tank. The condensed water contains no salt, and is quite pure. The warmth in Paris in summer has been enough to cause this condensation, and in many French colonies this simple method of obtaining pure water is now to be put into practice.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 6

1929

## Tip-Cat

GENERAL DAWES has given the common people a great idea to turn over in their minds. When it is whittled down to the plainest words it is that common people who pay for wars in lives and money are those on whose sober and right judgment rests the hope that there shall be no more wars to pay for.

His plan is that, the world being what it is, and navies and armies and soldiers and sailors what they are, we must begin on the long road to disarmament by getting from the sailors a yardstick measurement of the kind of navy they want for their own country.

Each country will then be able to lay before its common people what the expert naval authority demands for their safety and for their needs. The reasons will be set out. The people will be able to compare their own country's yardstick with others.

It is more than likely, seeing that no people are altogether wise, that great games of tip-cat will be played with these yardsticks, that there will be complaints, especially from the experts, and that the people whose business is not to make peace but to profit by war will make the most of the trouble. But out of this rally and confusion there must presently arise, in the minds of those common people to whom war is the greatest and most cruel bewilderment, some understanding of the way in which the weapons of war and the means of strife can be reduced.

General Dawes has shown, by the example of the long-drawn-out folly of the Reparations squabble, how the idea of the yardstick, handled by the proper people, might work; and how, in the absence of such handling, nothing worked—except for delay and hostility and obstruction. While the soldiers and sailors were left to settle Reparations the nations concerned seemed all to refuse to budge.

Then the task was handed over to men who came together round a table with the idea that what was wanted by the common peoples of the world was a fair settlement which would work without too much friction, or without leaving heart-burnings behind. Behind these new diplomats were the common people, the final World Court of Appeal, and it was the consciousness of their wish and will that gave power to the diplomat's elbow and settled the question.

It will be the same with the yardstick when the common people have it. Rightly wielded, rightly understood, it is the first yard of the mile-long road to disarmament; and disarmament is the right turning on the League-long road to peace among the nations.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Great Word of Foch

A GOOD friend in Yorkshire writes with reference to the mention of Marshal Foch on this page, reminding us of what he calls "his greatest and noblest act."

When it was suggested that the Allies should send troops to enter Berlin it was Foch who put his foot down and said, with much vehemence, *No; no kicking of a foe when he is down.*

We gladly make good our omission by passing on once more these famous words. Only a great man could have spoken them, and they may come to be remembered as the Marshal's greatest monument.

## Everything is Better and Better

IN a new book about old things we found the other day that there were no public picture galleries in London at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There were a few private ones which announced, "No admittance if the weather be wet or dirty."

Let us be thankful that the poorest Londoner can look on masterpieces at the National Gallery and the Tate today, and our streets are no longer such bogs that galleries shut their doors when the weather is wet or dirty.

To the rich, who travelled in coaches, the filthy streets were not so troublesome as to those who had to walk to work. But everything in this world improves. London is a far kinder city to the worker than she has ever been before.

## The Dog's World is Better, Too

THERE are many more dogs in the world than there were four years ago, yet the number of stray dogs admitted to the Dogs Home at Battersea has gone down by about 7000 in four years.

Lord Banbury says it is because people are kinder nowadays. If they keep a dog they look after it properly.

So even the dog's world is getting better and better.

## The Mill Girls

WE like the Sultan of Zanzibar. The other day he visited a mill at Preston, and afterwards he said to the Mayor:

"I used to wear my clothes without very much thought about how they were made, but now I have seen this marvellous machinery and realised the brains required to invent it, and have seen also these happy girls who make our clothes, I shall wear my clothes with reverence."

That seems to us a very good tribute to Lancashire and a very sensible attitude to clothes. Long live the Sultan and the happy mill girls of Lancashire!

## The Passing of the Tanks

THE historic little town of Aylesbury is preparing the way for the Great Peace. The War Tank has gone from the Square.

## Perfect

AN Irish reader sends us this further collection of curious names which she found when living in Hampshire:

Pay	Freeborn
Hoddinote	Jellybrand
Silence	Allgood
Newborn	Toogood
Cull	Perfect

The last three seem excellent. What could be better than good, and what could be more than perfect?

## Tip-Cat

PEOPLE who appreciate beauty cannot tolerate ugliness. Except when they can't tell which is which.

THE hire-purchase system is disliked in Scotland. They would sooner have things for nothing.

THE sky must be bigger than we thought; the smoke from the chimney in the middle of the Strand has not filled it yet.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a tip upsets a waiter

SERIAL stories are becoming unpopular. But they are still to be continued.

AVERAGE domestic servants are very broadminded. They see so much, spending all their time going from place to place.

A WELL-KNOWN writer says he

tries to find some pattern in life. He should call on his tailor.

A GARDEN usually keeps a man out of mischief. And often keeps him in vegetables.

MR. LOWTHER BRIDGER has been writing about Charing Cross Bridge. A Bridger is surely entitled to an opinion on the subject!

## Edward Pusey's Prayer

Grant, Lord, that I may not for one moment admit willingly into my soul any thought contrary to Thy love.

Edward Bouverie Pusey

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE collection on Alexandra Day this year reached about £56,000.

£10,000 has been given to Warrington's Haig Memorial Homes by Colonel George Crosfield.

THE L.M.S. is to paint its bridges green in Derbyshire.

A NOTTINGHAM miner has won a scholarship for London University.

## When Men Grow Sane

WHEN men grow sane,  
O wondrous day,  
O Reason's reign  
So far away!

BRIGHT sun will gild  
The smokeless air,  
The towns they build  
Will sparkle fair.  
No racking din  
Shall fill the street;  
Without, within,  
Shall all be sweet.  
No slums shall breed  
The maimed and sick;  
No madmen need  
High walls of brick.  
Our gold is spent  
On sick men's weal;  
Theirs shall prevent  
What ours would heal.  
The roads shall run  
Through fields of flowers,  
And never one  
Be soiled like ours.  
Unlittered then  
Moor, wood, and lea,  
To humblest men  
Shall all be free.  
No house ill-planned,  
No ugly thing,  
Shall mar the land  
When Reason's king.

O MUST we long  
In vain, in vain,  
For men grown strong  
And fair and sane?

## Brave Heart

By One Who Followed Him

BRAV COEUR had walked a long, long way for such a very small boy. He and his mother had started early in the morning for the market at Fontainebleau, which was some kilometres distant from his home.

Now, all her shopping done, she was hurrying through the Forest, leading Brav Coeur by one hand. In her other hand she held a string bag full of fruit and vegetables and parcels. No doubt she had the midday meal to cook when they got home.

That was why Brav Coeur's short legs must run beside her all the way home. He was dressed warmly for such a hot day, for though it was the month of March it was more like June. His little coat was trimmed and his hat was edged with white fur. He wore white socks and had a white muffler twice round his neck.

Yet he never faltered nor failed. His brave legs kept up their gallant trot, his little tongue never ceased its cheerful chatter; and in his hand he held a branch of ivy which he waved gaily as he ran.

To myself said I: "A merry heart goes all the way! Well done, Brav Coeur! You little know the lesson you are teaching the English lady who walks at her ease behind you. Your small legs have never once faltered; your stout little heart has never once failed. No word of complaint has passed your lips. Gaily you wave your branch of ivy until you are out of sight!"



July 6, 1929.

The Children's Newspaper

7

## A LITTLE SIN OF THE GREAT WAR

### WILL THE GOVERNMENT PUT IT RIGHT?

The Mean Spirit Introduced Into the Will of Cecil Rhodes

### SILVER JUBILEE OF THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS

Is it possible that we are on the eve of an event in which the C.N. has long been interested?

Oxford is busy this week-end (from July 4 to July 10) celebrating the Silver Jubilee of the Rhodes Scholarships. It is just 25 years since the foundation of these scholarships at Oxford under the will of Cecil Rhodes.

Old scholars from all over the world are taking part in the celebrations, and there is a glorious gathering of the clans. What an opportunity it will be for the Government to make good one of the little sins of the Great War!

#### A Great Opportunity

It was Cecil Rhodes's idea, as all the world knows, that these scholarships should be used to promote friendship between America, the British Empire, and Germany, but during the war the British Parliament withdrew the privilege from the Germans and introduced a spirit of meanness into one of the most generous wills ever left behind. The C.N. has often asked that the matter should be put right, and the gathering of the Rhodes Scholars on this historic occasion affords a great opportunity.

There is an interesting week of events in which the Government itself is to take part. They include a reception at the new Rhodes House, a visit to Henley Regatta, conferences, garden parties, and a round of visits. On Sunday the Archbishop of Canterbury is to preach, and in the evening the Old Scholars will dine "in Hall," each at his own college (the event to which they perhaps look forward most of all), while their wives are being dined by the Trustees. After a number of other gatherings the Old Scholars and their wives will come to London, when a reception will be given in their honour by the Government in Westminster Hall.

#### Germany's Share

No doubt the largest contingent of Old Scholars and their wives will come from America, but the Dominions are sure to be well represented, and it is earnestly hoped that many German Scholars and their wives will also be in attendance.

Cecil Rhodes's great scheme allotted definite proportions of the scholarships to America, to the British Empire, and to Germany. One of the sad results of the war was the passing of an Act of Parliament taking away Germany's share and dividing it among the Dominions in increased percentages for each of them. Almost everyone feels unhappy about that decision now, and the C.N., at least, will never be happy till it has been altered.

#### The Money Problem

Of course it will not do to reduce the number of scholarships for the Dominions again; fresh money will have to be found and allotted to Germany. It may be that the Rhodes Trust itself may have funds that are available, for it does other work besides giving scholarships. If it has not, there is surely some wealthy admirer of Cecil Rhodes who will be ready to put things right.

We believe many people are thinking about it all, and we cannot help wondering whether this 25th anniversary will not be deemed a fitting opportunity for making some announcement on the subject. We hope it will be so. It is a great chance for another step in the Peace Policy of the new Government.

## THE UNEASY GLOBE

THE round globe is far from reflecting at the present time the more peaceful atmosphere of its inhabitants. From everywhere comes news of cataclysms and tremors of the Earth.

Hardly had Etna ceased its lava flow than the great cauldron of Hawaii's volcano boiled over, and that had not subsided when Vesuvius flung its fiery fountains to the sky and distributed volcanic dust over the Bay of Naples and over neighbouring countries.

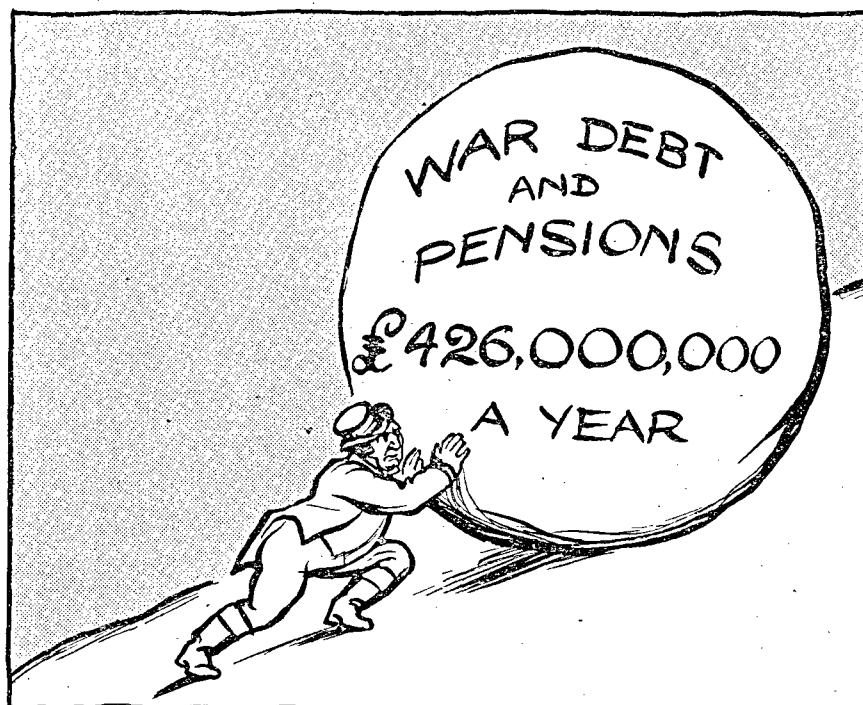
Last month there were great volcanic explosions in Japan, and an earthquake which has shaken part of the North Island of New Zealand to its foundations. The eruption of the Hakodate Volcano in the northernmost part of Japan

engulfed villages and cost many lives. And this does not exhaust the list of catastrophes. Tasmania, the lovely island country south of Australia, has been swept by floods which were the most destructive in its history. Unlike Australia, Tasmania has an abundant rainfall and floods are part of the island's annals.

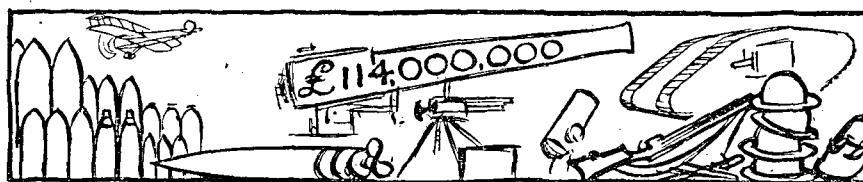
This one, which followed torrential rains, ran like a river through Launceston, a beautiful city next in importance to Hobart, and flooded many country towns and villages.

Bridges were swept away, even the old stone bridge at Ross, built by convicts when Tasmania was a prison colony a hundred years ago.

## JOHN BULL'S BURDEN



This is the cost of past war



This is the cost of preparing for war



This is the cost of everything else

Every man who loves mankind is hoping that something will be done to lift the shadow of war that falls everywhere across the path of progress. These pictures show the burden of war on John Bull, who spends £540,000,000 a year on past and future wars, and £200,000,000 on everything else. But for war our taxes could be cut down by about three-quarters.

## NEWS FROM THE NEW FOREST

It was in a New Forest market town. "We are all very cross," said an old resident.

"And why?" asked the Visitor.

"Because the Ministry of Health says we must have a drainage scheme. We have done without one since Domesday Book, and we object to paying for it now. But what makes us angriest of all is that they are going to send Welsh miners to do the work."

"Well?"

"Well, let Hampshire men do it, we say. This is Hampshire, isn't it? The local unemployed are very bitter."

"Still, the distress in Wales has been intense."

"Let Wales look after her own, then. I can tell you those Welshmen are going to have an unpleasant time here. Taking the bread out of our mouths, that's what they will be doing."

The weeks passed away, and the visitor came again to that little town.

As she passed the Peace Memorial she saw a fine wreath upon it, and as it was not Armistice Day curiosity led her to read the inscription. It said: "From the Welsh miners, as a token of gratitude for all the kindness we have received from the people of this town."

So the Hampshire village had been better than its word, and Wales had found a beautiful way of thanking it.

## CHINA AGREES ON ONE THING

### THE MEMORY OF SUN YAT SEN

What Will it Come to Mean to the Chinese People?

#### A NOTABLE EVENT

We are indebted to a C.N. reader in Peking for a comprehensive account of the impressive conveyance of the body of Dr. Sun Yat Sen through Peking, before its entainment to Nanking and burial in honour near that city, and for some views of what effect the memory of its great leader may have on China.

Europe is largely at sea when it thinks of the failure of China to concentrate on its own well-being. The Chinese have appeared to have no genuine rallying-point. But it seems to shrewd foreign observers in China quite possible that the memory of Sun Yat Sen may do what no other influence has effected. The doctor dead appears to have provided his country with an ideal it had utterly lacked, or failed to comprehend, before.

#### As With a Single Mind

Never have all the Chinese seemed to be willing to do the same thing with a single mind as they have now joined in honouring the memory of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. Casting aside the trivialities that so often have appeared childish in the eyes of onlookers from other lands, they have paid loyal devotion to their dead leader with impressive dignity and a unity of feeling that has been unmarred.

Four years have passed since Dr. Sun died, after coming to Peking from the South to try to unify China. During that time some of his writings—fragmentary and by no means comprehensive—have been collected and studied, and his burning devotion to his country has been impressing those who have read them. Memorial services have been held weekly in many places. Gradually Sun has been accepted as "a guiding spirit before whom all should bow, and to whom all should turn for guidance and inspiration."

#### Possibilities of the Future

Whether his practical wisdom will prove equal to so much responsibility remains to be proved, but of the intensity of his patriotism and the unselfishness of his life's work there can be no doubt. It may be that he will stand out before a new China as the revered founder of a new era, and be the centre of a moral cohesion which the Chinese race has always lacked.

Then his life-story will be re-studied and rewritten for all the world. At present he is being commemorated in some of the Christian churches in China as a scientist and leader of men, and also as a Christian whose favourite hymn was "Jesu, Lover of My Soul," while China at large hails him as the leader through whom she is finding her soul.

The stately and impassioned tribute of the world's most populous nation to such a man is a memorable event which may reverberate through the ages.

## NEW-YORK BEATS A RECORD

There seems to be no practical limit to the expansion of American trade. In industry the official returns show that American production easily beats all world records.

Take the building industry as an example. We do not know exactly what the value of building in Great Britain last year amounted to, but it probably did not exceed £175,000,000.

When we turn to the United States we find that in the city of New York alone, in the first four months of this year the value of the new building output amounted to £123,000,000, and of this total over £90,000,000 was in private houses.



## LOW ISLAND AND WHAT IS HAPPENING ON IT

### A British Camp on the Great Barrier Reef

#### SOLVING A MYSTERY

Far away at the other end of the world is a little island of five acres which is famous out of all proportion to its size.

Small as it is, the eyes of the whole scientific world are on it. What is there on this island that it should be worth so long a journey?

There is sunshine, at any rate, with light and colour. Here the wind may be cold at times, but the Sun shines always hot, even in winter, and the heat needs the welcome breeze from the Pacific and the beat and spray of the surf to temper it.

There is a lighthouse on the beach, with three houses sheltering among the palms and scrub where the keepers and their families live.

#### A Camp Built to Last

Finally, there is a British camp. It is to outlast the heat and the storms of over a year, so there are no tents, but strong huts built of oak, with iron roofs and concrete floors. Here lives a party of British scientists, men and women, well equipped with books, apparatus, and laboratory, all experts in some branch of scientific research.

For this is Low Island, lying somewhere about the middle of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, the immense reef that has for ages fascinated scientist and layman alike.

Now is being made the first really organised attempt to solve its mysteries and to catalogue its wonders. Here is the home of the sponge, of the pearl and its much-used ally mother-o'-pearl, and of red and white coral. Here are shells of every size, shape, and colour, the flying-fish, and anemones of rainbow hues. Here are the slow-crawling sea slug, prized above gold by the Chinese epicure; the clam, growing to giant size, prized by America; and here, where the reef widens into islands, is that indispensable guest at the Lord Mayor's banquet the turtle, swarming in thousands to the very doors of the canning factories.

#### The Coral Polyp

Above all, there is the mysterious coral polyp, so tiny, so silent, so hard-working and indomitable, braving the swell and surge of waves and winds, feeding on plankton, erecting those strange limey skeletons about itself, and dying quietly when its work is done. Thus through uncountable years has been reared this mighty barrier, towering for hundreds of feet like a craggy cliff, stretching for twelve hundred miles along Australia's Pacific coast.

For many months now the work of these island watchers has gone on, and interest grows week by week.

#### A CECIL SHARP HOUSE

Cecil Sharp set all England dancing by his great work in unearthing so much of our hidden treasure of dance and song, and it is fitting that the memorial to him, of which the foundation-stone was recently laid by Miss Maud Karpeles, should be a new headquarters of the English Folk Dance Society.

The building is to be a national centre for the traditional arts and accomplishments of the English people. Ever since the death of Cecil Sharp, five years ago, folk-dancers in every English-speaking country have been working to raise this memorial to their beloved leader. Over £26,000 has been collected for the site and building.

The site chosen for this new home of dance and song is at the corner of Regent's Park Road and Gloucester Road, London, and the building will be made accessible by linking the two roads.

## MR. LE BRUN

By a Passer-By in Cardiff

In a kiosk in one of Cardiff's main streets sits an old man selling papers.

He is not a very conspicuous figure in his tiny box; the casual passer-by would not notice him. Yet many pause from the hurrying crowd and pass on with a copy of his wares, a smile, and a cheery word.

People remember some little kindness of the old paper-seller, and his circle of regular customers has grown with his years. He does not need to cry his wares now: newspaper readers know where to find him.

More than 25 years have passed since Mr. Le Brun took his stand in the vestibule of the big newspaper office. In those days the proprietors had not built the kiosk, and many weary hours the old man stood in the heat and the cold, the sunshine and the rain, with a bundle of papers under his arm. But whatever the weather or however slow the trade Mr. Le Brun never lost his quiet smile and courteous word. He was, and is, always ready in service for others.

#### A Friend of the Sailors

He spends his life in distributing information. He is often questioned by strangers, and always has a reliable and courteous answer ready. His knowledge of Cardiff surpasses even that of the point-duty policemen, and many visitors owe him a debt of gratitude.

Above all, Mr. Le Brun is a friend of the sailors, the coloured men of many tongues that are always to be seen and heard in the streets of the Welsh seaport city. It is a happy sight to watch an excited group of these foreign seamen gathered round the little kiosk. They fire eager questions at the old paper-seller, and in perfect French, understandable Italian, or fluent Spanish he directs them about the maze of streets. In their own tongue he tells them of the best places to bargain for live poultry, and the shops that sell trinkets and gaudy cloths.

These puzzled seafarers do not forget their benefactor. When their ships come in again they hasten to greet the one kindly personality amid the crowds.

During the war Mr. Le Brun made many friends among French and Belgian refugees. He set up two blackboards near his kiosk, and scrawled on them the latest news—one in English, the other in French. Every morning a crowd of exiles would gather round, and the old man spent many a happy hour translating the news and explaining the progress of the war to them.

#### Good Deeds Done Quietly

But to act merely as an encyclopedia is not sufficient for this kindly newspaper man. He takes an interest in deserving causes as well. Often when purchasing your evening paper he persuades you to add something to his latest subscription list. No one can guess how much he does for charity in his quiet way, but it is known that he raised £15 in ten days for a girl who was injured in a hotel fire.

A simple-hearted seller of papers, Mr. Le Brun has not made his fortune during the last quarter of a century, but he has found the secret of happiness. Business men and down-and-outs, British citizens and foreign wanderers, will not forget the tall, bearded figure in shabby overcoat and battered hat with a bundle of newspapers under his arm.

#### THE SAFE SEA

In these days of whirligig traffic and appalling street accidents it would appear that the sea is a safer place than the land. The other day the president of the Baltic and International Maritime Conference pointed out that during the past 55 years only one passenger for every twenty million miles travelled was drowned at sea from British ships.

## HOW TO MAKE A ROAD Something Still to Learn

Motoring experts have set themselves to teach road experts their business. How to make highways which will not cause cars to skid to disaster they have not discovered, but they have made one good point.

That point concerns the shape of the road. It is singular that with all their experience of thousands of miles of new roads built since the war the engineers continue the old camber, the high arched shape, sloping from the centre to both sides, which was necessary before tarred highways came into being.

#### Why the Camber Was Made

In the old days before motoring roads were made of a mixture named Macadam, after the famous engineer who used broken granite mixed with a binding material of smaller stuff. This was porous, and in order to prevent water from soaking through the road and softening it the road was constructed with a camber.

With the coming of tar and similar water-proofing materials the fear of percolation of water into the centre of the road disappeared; the water could not enter, but ran off naturally. Therefore a much more gradual slope from the centre would suffice. But the old steep gradient is generally there, and on a wet day cars will often skid from the centre to the gutter, helpless.

#### Old Habit and Tradition

Our road engineers are, of course, great master craftsmen, and do wonders for us, but here and there they are incredibly loth to depart from old habit and tradition. Where a roadway must leave a main thoroughfare to enter a private way will they so modify the gutter as to make the passage smooth? No. A typical example has formed the subject of a diary kept by a C.N. reader.

The road drops into a steep gully and rises steeply on to the footpath which the carriage-way crosses. That is the condition; here are some of the consequences.

A portly and amiable sweep, driving up to get grass from the tennis courts for his pony, bumps into the hollow, rebounds into the air, and comes up against the gatepost. A van, laden to the roof with biscuit tins, takes the plunge en route to the tennis pavilion and sheds half its confections.

Builders, with smiles of satisfaction on their faces over a task well done, come puffing out with their lorry to drop half their tubs and planks.

#### An Extraordinary Scene

The outstanding event would have made a great day for a cinema photographer. A heavy load of hay and straw was being taken up for the horses which do the mowing of the courts. The front wheels bumped in and bumped out; the hind wheels bumped in and stuck. The shock dislodged the load; then, with an extraordinary trick of jugglery, the front wheels, with the front of the van and the hind part of the shafts and the hind quarters of the horse, were lifted into the air. There was the horse standing on its front feet, the van on its hind wheels, and the hay and straw, burst from their trusses, drifting in a joyous gale.

How they set the horse on its four feet again and the van on its four wheels is to be explained only by the art and mystery of which London carters seem to be masters.

#### PIGEON v. TELEGRAPH

A carrier-pigeon has had a race with the telegraph, and has won.

The other day two messages were sent to the same destination from Sanford in America, one by telegraph and one by pigeon.

The gallant little bird arrived first, beating the telegram by ten minutes.

## CRICKET FOR CHARACTER

### A Lead From Oxford

#### GIVE THE LADS A CHANCE

We have received from Mr. J. R. F. Turner, 199, Ilffley Road, Oxford, Secretary of the Cricket Scheme for Oxford Elementary Schools, the eighth annual report, telling what was done last year to provide practice in cricket and other enjoyments for the children in the city's ordinary day schools.

We give Mr. Turner's address because the report is much more than a survey of what Oxford is doing in leading the way toward the formation of character through combination games for children.

Mr. Turner is a white-hot enthusiast. He is so convinced that what Oxford does is good and has such admirable effects that he seeks to stir up the whole country to follow its example. He would wake up counties, towns, and villages. To that end he is circulating 2500 copies of his report, free, to whomsoever, in authority, or a position of influence, is likely to cooperate with him.

#### A Fine Stimulant

The report is a fine stimulant. It covers a broad area, telling what is being done in many places in a most encouraging way, and is not without lament over the regions where little or nothing is being done to provide youth with the means for the kind of play that tends to produce the finest type of British character, the type which always plays the game for the love of it.

Oxford is working in closest cooperation with that magnificent body the National Playing Fields Association, which has already influenced the provision of more than 3800 acres for playing purposes, mainly for the children.

The whole national ground has been surveyed and 225,000 acres are needed if the country is to do its duty by the children everywhere. The report gives a broad flashlight glimpse of mingled generosity and need.

#### The True Spirit of Sport

Oxford stands forth as an animating example. There, for eight years in succession, there has never been fewer than 1000 boys taking part in a carefully organised scheme of play under expert supervision intent on inculcating the true spirit of sport. Eighteen of the Oxford schools have used the College grounds for their play on 350 occasions.

Mr. Turner is repeatedly insistent in suggesting that if this wise direction of youthful energy into the channel of true sport were universal the problem of juvenile crime would be solved in a large degree. No doubt that would be an unconsciously reached effect—so much so, indeed, that it scarcely needs to be stated. A genuinely manly ideal would oust meaner motives.

We most heartily commend to all our readers this breezy account of one of the most promising movements of our day, and it is a satisfying feature that it receives so much of its impetus from Oxford.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Gainsborough	£9240
Painting by Richard Wilson	£6720
Painting by J. van Goyen	£3465
Panel of Gobelin's tapestry	£3413
Painting by Hubert Robert	£2520
Commonwealth silver-gilt cup	£846
Charles II silver porringer	£675
18th-century needlework carpet	£651
Chinese enamelled vase	£525
Copy of Hardy's Dynasts	£310
Elizabethan silver beaker	£280

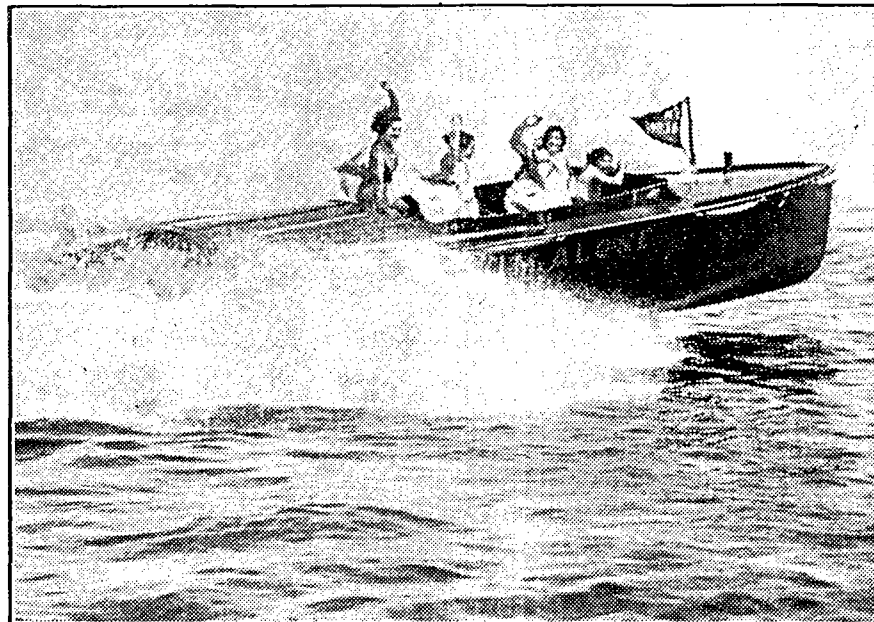
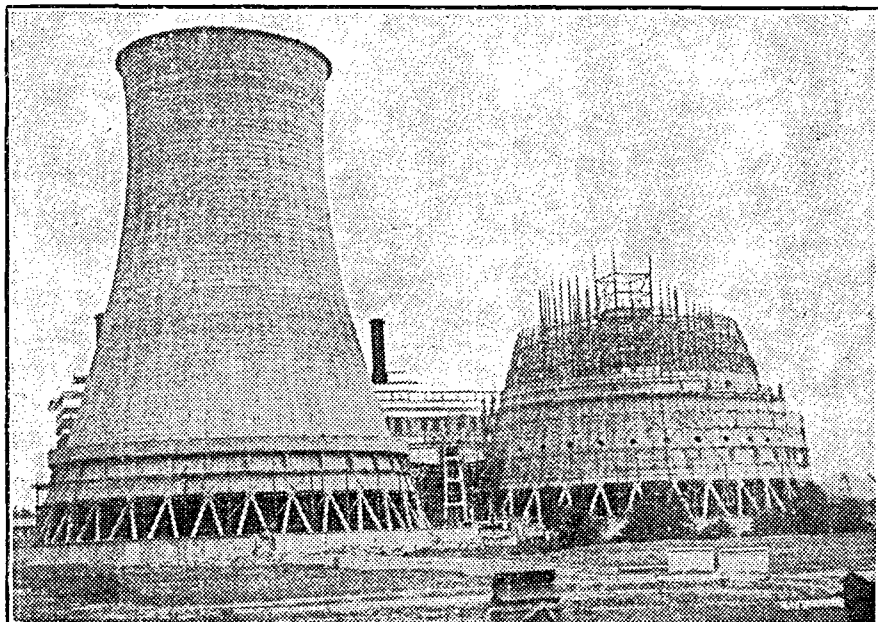


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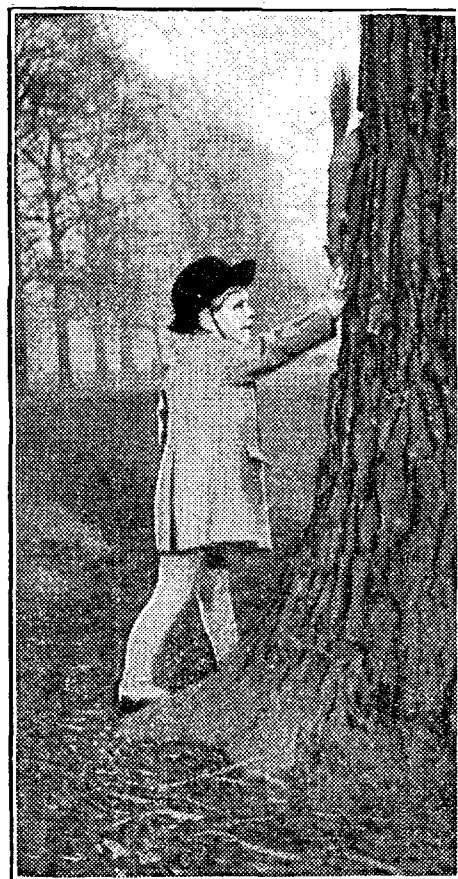
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# NEW COOLING-TOWERS • GERMAN BOYS IN ENGLAND • PUZZLED LION CUBS



What are They?—These curious structures are a new type of concrete cooling-towers, 220 feet high, for the power-station at Birmingham. They are the first of their kind in Britain. Steam is condensed in the towers, the water falling into great tanks underneath.

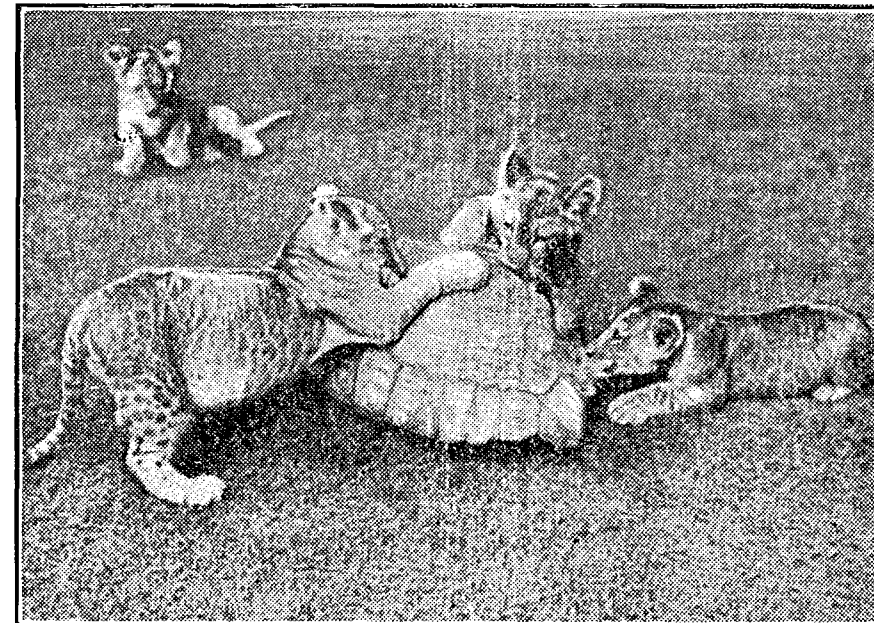
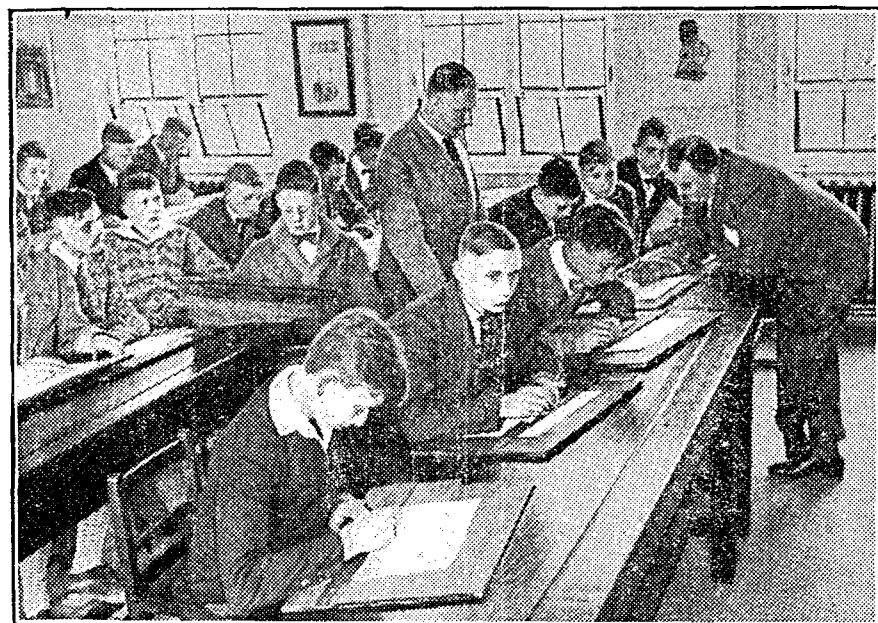
Motoring at Sea—At many seaside resorts this year trips in fast motor-boats are very popular with holiday-makers. This picture from Douglas, in the Isle of Man, shows a party of girls enjoying the exhilarating experience of racing over the water in a 200 horse-power boat.



A Squirrel in Kensington Gardens—This happy snapshot was taken the other day as this boy, from a C.N. home in Kensington, discovered a squirrel in Peter Pan's garden.

Out With Mother—This little family, which lives in Regent's Park, London, is just setting out for a trip on the lake so that the proud mother swan may give her little ones a lesson in looking after themselves.

The Red Man's Farewell—These Indians in the Rockies seem to be saying goodbye to the hunting-grounds their forefathers knew before the tribes were gathered into reservations.



German Schoolboys in England—A party of 18 German schoolboys has come to England to study at the Chatham Technical School, and some of the Chatham boys are to make a return visit to Bremen. Here is a picture showing the German boys at work.

A Puzzle for the Lion Cubs—Three young lions at the Berlin Zoo were greatly mystified by an old tortoise which discreetly retired into its shell. When lion cubs are very young they are spotted like leopards, as this picture shows, but the spots disappear as the cubs grow up.



## WHERE IS DAN TUCKER?

### HEDGES AND DITCHES CRYING OUT FOR HIM

#### The Farmer's Responsibility for Our Green Boundary Lines

##### LAW OF THE DYKE

Is Dan Tucker dead, and with him all those unnamed heroes who made our country lanes lovely with the fairest hedges in the world?

Dan Tucker was a hedger and ditcher, who, if he never grew poorer, never grew richer—except for the fact that he was so good and honest a little fellow that someone made a poem about him which has lived on till now and will go on living.

Perhaps Dan was the saint of the hedgers and ditchers, for once every calling had its patron saint, and none seems to have been worthier than he.

But we are fallen on evil times. It is said that our hedges are being neglected. Worse still, people are writing to the papers saying that Dan Tucker's ditches by the roadside are so woefully forgotten or ignored that they grow rank with weeds, their sides rot and crumble, and altogether they become a pitfall for horses, motor-cars, and cyclists.

##### The Farmer and the Council

Victims of these concealed traps call upon the farmers whose fields the roadside ditches skirt to keep these open gullies in repair and visible, to pay Dan Tucker to be still proud of his work and to keep the country roads safe and seemly.

But there comes the surprising answer to all this that Dan Tucker in his ditching capacity really never was the farmer's man but the servant of the local councils. The farmer's responsibility, we are told, ends at the hedge which bounds his field. One such owner says he used to think that hedge and ditch were both his, but a county council sent their men to fill in the dyke which ran between his hedge and the public highway, and he was very glad to be relieved of doubt and responsibility in the matter.

If this is correct then it raises a curious point. When we buy a house in a new district we have to hold ourselves liable for the making up of the public road. The house-owner's responsibility extends, for the frontage of his property, to the centre of the road in front of it.

##### A Question for the Courts

Until such a road has been properly made up it remains what is known as a private road. The public cannot be excluded from it, but private persons must maintain it in some sort of repair. When it is about to be taken over by the local authority as a regulation highway the householders on either side are called upon to pay for its making up, and then it is maintained out of the public rates.

If the contention as to public responsibility for country ditches is accurate then there seems one law for the dyke and another for the unmade road. Now that the matter has been brought forward so conspicuously doubtless a legal decision will be obtained from the courts and all doubt set at rest.

## ELECTRIC STEAM FOR THE VATICAN

Some of the ancient manuscripts and books in the famous Vatican library are cracking, owing to the intense dryness of the Italian atmosphere.

Electrical engineers have come to the assistance of the librarians, and a device has been put in which keeps the air just damp enough, not too damp and not too dry. In this way it is hoped that the valuable books will be kept for centuries longer.

## A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

### A Story for Lovers of Courage

In 1893 a young American named James Freemont Wellington took his medical degree. He was an enthusiastic young man, frank about his ambition to do big things, new things, epoch-making things in his profession.

Six years later he was struck down by a disease which has kept him bedridden ever since.

But the disease has not conquered his manhood. It has not forced him to give up the profession he loves as much as life.

His sick-room is a laboratory. A special table is stretched across the bed, and cabinets on either side hold chemicals and glass slides. He examines blood and makes other chemical analyses for

### To the Scouts Bound for the Jamboree

This advice is given by an American Scoutmaster to the Scouts coming over for the Jamboree. It appears to us worth sending round the world.

**B**e especially careful not to draw comparisons between things at home and abroad. Do not joke at what seems different or strange. It may suit their need better than our way.

The smaller trains, for instance, are admirably suited to the country they serve. What is more, it may surprise you to find that they start and stop these trains of theirs a good deal more comfortably than we do. They have everywhere better roadbeds, and they make far less noise. Strange, too, they move faster. Get the point?

Whatever you do, remember that England has come through four years of war to our one. Don't boast. Don't tell them who won the war, but bear in mind that every family you meet has suffered in a way we cannot understand because we did not face the strain that they did. War costs, and England is poor. They have lost a million lives, to say nothing of the money, yet they pay their debts and are carrying on.

brother physicians. Thus he earns his own living and continues to serve suffering humanity.

If he had not been able to work he says he would have been dead long ago. Perhaps many invalids do not realise that the worst part of their suffering is boredom, and certainly most of them think that their idleness is enforced. The brave doctor who turned his sick-bed into a laboratory proves to us that idleness is hardly ever enforced.

A woman paralysed all down one side used to do exquisite needlework with one hand and the help of a heavy cushion to which the stuff was tacked. Hardly anything is impossible to a gallant spirit, however much a sick body may hinder it.

The ambitious youngster who went to bed for life more than 30 years ago is a grey-headed man now, but his friends say he never speaks bitterly.

"Sickness is a good school," he says, and never complains that Fate has kept him at school too long.

## TWO LETTERS MEET With Three Villages and Four Counties

Two letters meet on the Editor's desk this week with these odd accounts of the meeting of three parishes and four counties.

The three parishes that meet are in a kitchen in Sussex; the four counties are in the heart of England.

In the quaint old-world kitchen of Westerland Farm, not far from Petworth in Sussex (writes one of our correspondents), there is a low conical stone in the floor from which rises a great baulk of timber supporting the oaken beams of the ceiling. This stone marks the spot where three small but interesting parishes, Burton, Lavington, and Duncton, meet.

### The Home of Wilberforce

Of the three Lavington is the smallest, being only 678 acres in extent, with about three hundred people. It is famous as the home of Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, who died in 1873 and is buried in the church. His pastoral staff is preserved here in memory of him. Lavington is also famous as the place in which Cardinal Manning preached his last sermon before his admission to the Church of Rome.

Burton, with its 810 acres, has only about fifty inhabitants. Its church, situated in the fine park where fallow deer still roam, is one of the smallest in the whole of England.

Duncton, a parish of 1364 acres, has over five hundred inhabitants. It possesses the oldest dated church bell in England (1369), and has within its borders the highest point in the South Downs, Duncton Down, 837 feet above sea-level.

### Little Compton's Problem

Our other correspondent tells us of a village that does not know where it is. If (she says) you look on a large-scale map you will see a finger of Warwickshire which stretches down between Worcestershire and Oxfordshire to touch Gloucestershire at a point marked by the Four Shire Stone, the only Four Shire Stone in Britain.

The village, Little Compton, lies, so the map says, in this finger of Warwickshire, but the inhabitants are not so sure. When they wish to be christened, confirmed, married, or buried they are Oxfordshire men, for their bishop is the Bishop of Oxford. On the other hand, the children go to school in Warwickshire. The workhouse lies in Oxfordshire.

Should burglars ever find their way to this village you would have to call your Warwickshire policeman from Long Compton in Worcestershire. Now Long Compton lies near the Rollright Stones, which are said to be enchanted, and perhaps this accounts for the fact that this Warwickshire policeman takes all small offences before the bench of magistrates at Shipston-on-Stour in Worcestershire, from where the more important cases are sent to Warwick.

### Haunting O'd-World Names

But most bewitched of all is the post. The postal district is under Oxford, but the post town is in Gloucestershire, and all letters have to be addressed "Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Glos." Telegrams, on the other hand, are sent to Barton-on-the-Heath in Worcestershire.

The very names of the neighbouring villages hardly seem to belong to our swift modern world; they are slow and sleepy like Bottom the Weaver and his friends, and belong to an age when time was of no account. Hark to them, chiming across the fields like a peal of bells on a summer's evening: Bourton-on-the-Hill, Barton-on-the-Heath, Bourton-on-the-Water, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Stow-in-the-Wold, Shipston-under-Wychwood.

Anything might happen in a countryside with names like these!

## THREE CHEERS FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM

### Human Hearts There

#### NOT ALL OLD FOSSILS

If a schoolboy were asked what sort of people he imagined the Trustees of the British Museum to be he would probably say "frightfully clever old fossils."

That would be an injustice, for fossils have no hearts, and the Trustees have recently proved that their own hearts are as well-developed as their brains, which is saying a good deal.

They know how children love to go to the Zoo to look at the strange beasts that come from other lands, and they feel sorry that blind children should never have that treat. So they have laid their heads together and invented another sort of treat for blind children.

#### For Blind Children

A number of stuffed birds and beasts were set out on a table and children from various blind schools were seated round it. They were all allowed to handle each of the creatures while Mr. J. H. Leonard told the story of its life. Then they moved on to the next specimen—and all too soon it was time to go.

The blind children loved these lectures so much that the Trustees have decided to make them a permanent feature of the museum's work. Although the building is very full it is hoped to set a room aside for the blind children's specimens. Sometimes exhibits have to be removed from the public galleries because their colours have faded, but they will still be useful for the blind to feel and study.

#### Wonders of the Animal World

There is no other way in which these children could have learned about the wonders of the animal world. No amount of talking could convey to them the slender grace of the gazelle, the comicality of the wart-hog, or the terror-inspiring front of the bison. They had to put their arms round an elephant's leg before they could begin to guess at its bulk, and to run their hands over a rhinoceros before they could begin to imagine such a monster.

Now they know as much about Natural History as anyone can know, if colour is left out, and now the Jungle Stories and Uncle Remus and Aesop's Fables and a score of other jolly books can be understood by them. They know why a fox might well be afraid of a lion. There is no confusion any more in their minds between a thing called an elephant and a thing called a rabbit.

It is a splendid idea, and we give three cheers for the Trustees of the British Museum (South Kensington Dept.).

## HAPPY IS THE LAND The Government and the Thinker

We congratulate New Zealand. Her infant mortality and her death-rate for tubercular disease are both the lowest in the world.

These things are not matters of luck and climate. New Zealanders would have had their share of trouble like other lands if they had been content to muddle along. But they believe in thinking instead of muddling.

So New Zealand asked Dr. Truby King to think out the Baby question and Dr. G. J. Blackmore to think out the tuberculosis question, and abided by their decisions.

Happy is the land where Government backs up the Thinker!



July 6, 1929

## The Children's Newspaper

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## MARS FADING FROM SIGHT

LAST GLIMPSE OF HIM FOR TWO YEARS

Moon Passes in Front of a Beautiful Double Star

## A REMARKABLE LAW

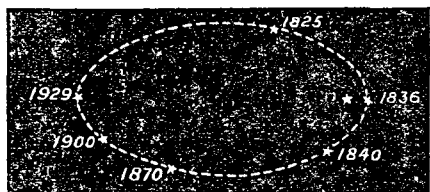
By the C.N. Astronomer

The crescent Moon will appear near Mars next Wednesday evening, July 10.

She will be seen about twelve times her own width away, above and to the left of the planet, as soon as it is dark.

They will both be low in the north-west sky, Mars setting at ten minutes after 11 o'clock and the Moon at seven minutes to 12. Very little more will be seen of Mars this year, for the Earth is leaving him far behind. It will be nearly two years before Mars will again be present in our evening sky.

Next week will therefore provide a good opportunity for getting a parting glimpse of Mars before he passes far behind and beyond the Sun. He is at present nearly 210 million miles away, getting so faint that he is now not as bright as Regulus, the first-magnitude star that will be seen to the right of



The orbit of the smaller sun of Gamma in Virgo round the larger sun, with its position at various times

Mars and only about six times the Moon's apparent width away.

In the early evening of Friday, July 12, the Moon will pass in front of the third-magnitude star Gamma in Virgo, occulting it for 35 minutes. As it occurs in daylight, beginning at 49 minutes after 6 o'clock, there is no possibility of seeing the event without a telescope. But the star may be seen to the right of the Moon as soon as it is dark enough, being about four times the Moon's apparent width away.

Gamma in Virgo is of great interest. It is one of the most beautiful examples of a double star, and may be seen in a comparatively small telescope. This was not always possible, but for many years the two suns composing Gamma in Virgo had been getting farther and farther apart; they are now beginning to get closer to one another, so that in about 80 years they will appear, in all but the most powerful telescopes, as only one star.

The fact is these two suns of Gamma in Virgo revolve in a vast orbit that takes them 180 years to complete. The picture shows the orbit of the smaller sun in relation to the position of the larger one, and it will be seen that the orbit is very oval and of great eccentricity, as it is called.

## Orbit Like a Comet

In 1836, when the stars appeared in most telescopes to close up and seem like one, they were then only one-sixteenth of the distance apart that they are now. The orbit of the smaller sun resembles very much that of a comet, so how terrific must be the speed at which the smaller sun rushes round when they are at their nearest!

This is due to the remarkable so-called law of Nature, that all celestial bodies obey, that each one travelling in an orbit must travel over an equal area in an equal time; or, as the immortal Kepler, who 300 years ago discovered this wonderful property of the revolving bodies of the heavens, defined it: "The radius vector of each planet describes equal areas in equal times." So the closer a body is to the one it revolves round the faster it must travel, to keep from falling into it. G. F. M.

## A CHICAGO YOUNG MAN

Ruling a University at 30

The youngest president of a great university in all the world is Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins. At the end of last month he was dean of the Yale University Law School. He became president of the University of Chicago on July 1, and he is only 30.

It is pleasant to recall that he left school at 18 to do ambulance service in the Great War, and was decorated by the Italian Government for bravery under fire. When he went to Yale after the war he earned the money for his fees and his maintenance by working in his spare time.

American students do not regard a university education as something reserved for the rich. They will do any kind of work, from digging to dish-washing, to pay their own fees, and no one thinks any less of an undergraduate because he is a waiter when he is away from lecture hall and playing-field. Rather do they applaud him for not living on his father, who has probably younger children at school.

Dr. Hutchins has been chosen partly for his administrative gifts and partly for his youth. The trustees of the university desire a great expansion, which must be the work of years, and they believe that a policy is best carried out when one man is in control from start to finish. They do not want to change captains before the voyage is done.

Let us wish the young skipper a good voyage.

## TELEVISION FOR TEN SHILLINGS

Mr. Francis Jenkins, who has been working for many years at television in America, has now made it possible for almost any amateur to see the pictures at home.

Except the electric motor, all the parts for making a set by which pictures can be seen by wireless are sold for half a sovereign, and they are so simple that any amateur can piece them together. The pictures that are being broadcast are for the moment only silhouettes, but many children's stories in pictures are being sent out three nights a week, and with a new wave-band that has been allotted by the Government they are starting to send ordinary cinematograph pictures, which any wireless amateur can see on a little screen in his own home.

## A LITTLE PARIS SCENE

Every day a flock of goats is driven along one of the quiet side streets of Paris, accompanied by a marvellously clever sheepdog directing them with wonderful art through the city traffic.

When it rains, and they are kept waiting for the arrival of clients, their patience seems to be sorely tried, and they are apt to seek shelter.

One of them, who appears to know Paris well, does not hesitate to make straight for the entrance to a house, to pass in front of the concierge, go up the staircase, and stop at the second or third floor until the rain ceases.

Generally the dog comes looking for it, but sometimes a householder will order it downstairs, and it docilely obeys and rejoins the flock.

## A GIBRALTAR TUNNEL?

While we are discussing a tunnel from England to France the Spanish are talking about a tunnel from Gibraltar to Africa.

A tunnel between Gibraltar and Africa would not only develop trade between Europe and Morocco and Algeria and Tunisia, but, if ports were established on the west coast of Africa, would enable Brazil to be reached by sea in five days, Monte Video in six, and Buenos Aires in seven.

OLD NANNIE  
The Prime Minister's Friend

Old family nurses are always happy people, because they have passed their whole lives in being kind, but we know who is the happiest of all the dear Nannies in Great Britain today.

She is Miss I. A. Ramsay, who has been nurse to the family of Mr. Hett, of Ardingley, for 40 years. She is nearly 80 now, and is crippled with rheumatism, but people love to come to her room for the sake of her patience when they were little, and her consolation when they were hurt, and her delight when they did well at school. Think of her pride when Mr. Arnold Hett became known as the Cambridge swimming blue!

The other day she had a very distinguished visitor indeed, none other than the Prime Minister; and she called him by his Christian name, and perhaps it was not very surprising, for he is her own nephew.

That is why we think she must be the happiest of Nannies. For one thing, her life of love has been crowned with love, and, for another thing, she has had the delight of watching the bairn she knew in a Lossiemouth cottage become Prime Minister.

It is pleasant to think that he is as proud of her as she is of him. He knows that all service ranks alike, with God, and Nannie's work in the nursery, is as honourable as the work of a Prime Minister at Westminster.

## THE WILD DUCK'S OFFERING

Every morning a wild duck and drake fly down the Regent's Canal, apparently from the Regent's Park district, and remain for an hour or two amid the noise and bustle of the Canal Dock at Limehouse. The duck selects a barge on which to bestow her daily offering of an egg.

At first little notice was taken of the visitors, but when, one day, an egg was discovered on a barge moored in a comparatively quiet corner of the Dock a lively interest was aroused.

Since then the duck has laid her eggs impartially on different barges, and various skippers have received a welcome addition to their breakfast. Usually the eggs are found on the small exposed "deck" in the bow or stern of the barge.

Wild ducks are rarely seen at the Dock, and in view of this one of the eggs, blown and suitably inscribed, is to be preserved by the Grand Union Canal Company, the owners of the Dock, as a curiosity.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

An old workhouse boy has died worth nearly a hundred thousand pounds.

The Admiralty has provided two buildings at Portsmouth to be used as a Victory museum, near Nelson's flagship.

A tour of inspection of London housing estates and L.C.C. schools is being made by about 40 German municipal officials.

## Stork's Long Ocean Flight

A stork, marked with a ring, has flown from Hungary to South Rhodesia.

## Darby and Joan

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, who were born at Cheriton, near Folkestone, 90 years ago, are still living in their native town.

## Oranges and Lemons

The Academy of Medicine in Paris has issued an announcement that orange and lemon juices are highly valuable as cures for anaemia and neurasthenia.

## The Sweets of the Poor

The women in the Mansfield Poor Law Institution have a quarter of a pound of sweets every week.

## Bubbles

The picture of Bubbles which appeared in the C.N. last week is, of course, the property of Pears, the famous soap firm.

## WHAT IS LEFT FOR WONDER?

THE STIRRING TIMES WE LIVE IN

Will Men Lose the Power of Being Surprised?

## INVENTION ON INVENTION

Events in these days are so stirring, so unlike the things that were possible but a little while ago, that we must sometimes ask ourselves whether the power to wonder will be maintained in the children who are growing up.

We have princes and Prime Ministers flying to their public engagements; and aeroplanes arriving from America on the one hand and from India on the other.

We are told of a young scientist in Ireland revolutionising electric railways, and about to do for eighty thousand pounds what until now has cost a million. We have the "kick" taken out of petrol; we have amateurs keeping the Meteorological Office up-to-date with weather facts and the professional astronomers up-to-date with observations of the heavens; while other young amateurs are communicating by means of wireless with Australia and New Zealand and Australia and America as easily as if their friends were in another room of the same house.

## Marvels of the Motor

We have had English cars on the road doing nearly 80 miles an hour for 24 hours on end, and motor-cycles racing over a dangerous course at more than 74 miles an hour. Modern children are born to these and similar wonders. They will know no more of a world that had them not than a butterfly knows of winter cold and storms.

Will they have the same material for wonder that their parents have had?

The present generation can remember the telephone and telegraph as still a marvellous novelty. They remember the roads when bicycles were hated by horse-drivers and considered dangerous to life and property. They can remember when cyclists riding at more than ten miles an hour were summoned by hundreds for furious riding as reckless motorists are now, when a man who drove a horse at more than that speed was prosecuted for furious driving.

## Before Wireless

Electric trams, now being driven off the roads by motor-buses, were the marvels of our parents' youth, horsed trams the accepted commonplace. In place of wireless, boys were delighted if they could rig up a speaking-tube from one room or one house to another; in place of motor-cycles they had tri-cycles; in place of pneumatic tyres they had solid rubber, which jarred the bones nearly out of the wrists as the machine was pedalled over cobbled streets.

It seems but yesterday that the balloon was converted from a gas-bag into a sausage-shaped envelope with an engine, since the first navigators of these were saying, with motor-cars still in their infancy, "The men who are now learning to control the motor-cars on the roads will some day learn to drive motors through the air without the aid of gas-containing envelopes."

## Heirs to Things Unthinkable

No children of today or tomorrow will ever have to ride or walk again as their parents walked and rode, over highways ankle deep in dust and inches deep in mud during winter.

Today children are born heirs to wonders unthinkable to their parents and grandparents. Will all this assembly of inventions kill their sense of wonder? Will they take things too much as a matter of course? Or will invention beget invention and new ideas burst into fruit as rapidly in the future as in the last thirty years?

That probably will be so, but we must remember that wonders are wonders.





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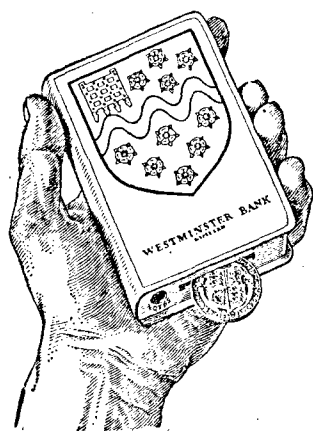
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## Commonsense to Save the World

### FOLLOWING UP THE PACT OF PEACE

### The Abiding Friendship That Must Grow and Spread Among the Nations

### A STATE OF MIND TO MATCH THE ANTI-WAR TREATY

Now that America has brought the question of disarmament into the region of practical politics we think it worth while to recall the great speech made by Mr. Hughes, the U.S. Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet, on taking his seat as a Judge of the World Court. This is what Judge Hughes said.

It is indeed an odd distinction to come to Europe on the invitation of almost all Governments except my own; but I am happy to think that, despite the present (and I trust but temporary) lack of formal relations on the part of my country to the tribunal to which I have the honour of being called, I may be taken as representing not only the detachment and impartiality which should characterise a Judge of the World Court, but the earnest desire of the great majority of my fellow-countrymen to promote the cause of international justice.

In the truest sense the Judges of the Permanent Court represent, not particular nations, but the common sentiment which binds all nations in a respect for the fundamentals of international right which, by virtue of their necessity and their appeal to the conscience of mankind, transcend all particular interests. Certain it is that if we cannot at least make secure the foundations of international justice through the function of a Permanent Court, in disposing of controversies which lend themselves to judicial determination, all programmes of peace are but waste paper.

### The Armaments of Peace

We recognise that international institutions can exist only through mutual respect and by reason of the deep-seated conviction that there are available resources of fairness upon which all may safely depend. As this mutual respect is the ultimate security of peace, we should be solicitous to render vain the efforts of all the mischief-makers who would undermine it.

While we are contemplating the reduction of the armaments of war we should look to it that we strengthen the armaments of peace through just appreciation of each other's good qualities and honourable achievements and by counteracting the endeavours of the sappers and miners in both countries who are trying to destroy goodwill. These disturbers have the protection of our most cherished institutions of freedom.

The freedom of the Press gives opportunity, of which some unfortunately take advantage, not simply to give occasional exhibitions of malignity, but to indulge in frequent misrepresentation of the characteristics of national life by the portrayal of the sensational, vicious, and criminal. The industrious populations of our great cities, which give them character and prosperity, are almost forgotten.

### Freedom of Films and Press

The freedom of the Press, which none of us would limit, is supplemented by the freedom of the films. The credulous believe not only all they hear but all they see.

Then, added to the freedom of the films, is the freedom of the humorists, with which we could not afford to dispense, for a sense of humour may save us when even statesmen fail. But there is the humour which preserves the balance of fair judgment and there are the constant gibes which tend to undermine the amity which rests on mutual respect. And then there is the freedom in the play of the hypothetical war games, filling the chambers of imagery with a strife which was thought to be unthinkable and then seems to some to become inevitable.

We cannot hope to escape these perils. If they cannot be avoided in the domestic sphere within our own territory, where we torment each other with false rumour and distorted criticism, how can we escape them in international intercourse? But we can fortify ourselves against them. We have one security in a richness of resource in which both our countries find the greatest cause of pride—our saving commonsense.

What a bankruptcy of commonsense is revealed in the careless talk of a disturbance of our peace! It is no disparagement of any institution, or of other relations, to say that Anglo-American amity is the corner-stone of international peace.

### The Peace Pact

We have entered into a pact renouncing war. There is no escaping the fact that we have exchanged our pledges to seek solution of all controversies exclusively by pacific means. Having made this pledge, the obvious course is to act as though we meant it. That is the course dictated by commonsense.

Commonsense tells us that war between our countries would be the greatest calamity that could befall our civilisation. Why not, then, act on the assumptions of commonsense! Each of us has, to be sure, a certain stubbornness. Neither of us is likely to yield to coercion. But we also have the resources of self-restraint upon which we should be able to rely.

If a difference between us should assume the distinction of a real dispute we shall without doubt be able to find a solution which is better than strife. Commonsense demands that we act on the assumption of an abiding friendship.

### Naval Competition

What we need is a state of mind to match the words of the anti-war treaty. We need to cultivate the psychology of peace. This saving commonsense I trust will be applied to the immediate question of reducing naval armament. We applied it at the Washington Conference. What would have happened if it had not been for the agreements of that conference? On the part of my country we should have been wasting our substance in maintaining a fleet of unnecessary proportions.

Here, you would have gone on with the building of your monsters of the sea. Japan would have proceeded with her programme. We should have been vying with each other in providing these instruments of war and in laying the burden of their construction and maintenance upon the bent shoulders of labour. And now, after eight years, what would have been the result? If we had not succeeded in producing a war by these senseless preparations we should have merely wasted our means in extravagant outlays. Commonsense saved us.

We need another application of it to complete what we left unfinished. Commonsense tells us that competition in armament among the great naval Powers is the dream of folly. It yields neither security nor peace. But, if this is recognised, why should it be impossible to reach agreements to prevent it? It is with the keenest gratification that we observe the recent promising developments.



# THE GOLD THIEVES

By T. C. Bridges

## What Has Happened Before

Two schoolboys, Bruce Lyndall and Clive Winslow, finding themselves practically alone in England, decide to go out to their fathers in Canada.

In the midst of their preparations they are robbed of every penny they possess.

## CHAPTER 3

### The Taking of Trump

CLIVE felt in his pockets. "Not even a penny left," he answered, and suddenly Bruce woke up and made a rush for the door through which the thief had disappeared. It was locked, and though Bruce hammered and pounded on it till the place echoed there was no answer.

"Now what are we going to do?" For once Bruce was almost beside himself.

"Go back to the station and get our luggage. We can get a bed somewhere if we have luggage with us, then we'll start hunting a passage on some ship."

"We can't get our luggage," said Bruce. "The cloak-room ticket was in the wallet with the money."

Clive whistled. "That's finished it," he remarked.

"And it's all my fault," said Bruce bitterly.

"Don't talk rubbish," said Clive. "And don't get the wind up. This is the time we've got to keep our heads. The best thing we can do is to try to find Carruthers' office. If we tell them who we are we may be able to fix up something."

His calmness had a good effect on Bruce. "Anything you say," he agreed with unusual mildness; so Clive led the way back down the alley, and presently they found themselves again on the wharves. Suddenly Clive pointed to a big steamer lying in the basin just opposite.

"There's a Blue Funnel! She's one of Carruthers' ships. The Ibis. I know they've all got names like that."

"And nearly ready to sail," added Bruce eagerly. "Suppose we go aboard."

"Right you are," said Clive. He spoke quietly, as usual, yet his heart was beating with excitement.

They crossed a gangway and were met at the head by a quartermaster.

"Can we see the captain?" Clive asked.

"He's not aboard," was the reply. "But there's Mr. Baring, the first officer."

The officer saw the boys and came up.

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked kindly enough. Clive hesitated.

"We—we wanted to work our passage to America, sir," he said with an effort.

Mr. Baring's eyebrows rose. "What's the trouble—run away from school?"

"No, sir," replied Clive. "Nothing of that sort. We were going out to our people in Canada but we've been robbed. A man picked our pockets. Mr. Carruthers' son was at Overton School with us, and we thought that perhaps we might get a chance to work our passage on this ship."

Mr. Baring looked hard at the boys. He shook his head.

"We've no opening for anything of that sort, son," he said. "And even if we had you couldn't land without passports and money." Then, seeing Clive's face fall, he went on. "But I'm sorry for your trouble. You'd better go round to the office and tell them who you are, and I dare say they'll lend you enough to pay your tickets to Overton. The office is in Cockspur Street."

Someone called him and he turned away. Clive looked at Bruce.

"Come on," said Bruce curtly; but just as they reached the gangway a huge box van backed up, blocking the way. The end was dropped and a magnificent short-horn bull was led out. The great animal was very nervous and flatly refused to climb the gangway. At this moment a second van which was being started up back-fired with a sound like a pistol-shot.

The bull, terrified, jerked back so sharply that the man who held the halter was pulled off his feet, and the animal, swinging round, rushed blindly along the wharf. The bystanders ran in every direction. Of them all Bruce was the only one to keep his head. In two jumps he was down the gangway and racing after the bull.

The bull was halted, but unluckily the rope was trailing on the far side. Bruce snatched off his hat, and coming level with the bull slapped him with it across the nose. In sheer surprise the bull halted, and this gave Bruce a chance to get hold of the rope. The bull started again, and of course Bruce alone could not stop him,

but the delay had given Clive a chance to come up and he, too, grabbed the rope.

Both were pulled off their feet, but they hung on like grim death, and held the bull away from the wharf edge.

More men ran up, but the bull dragged them all.

"Fling a sack over his head," shouted Bruce, and one of them snatched a sack from a lorry and did so, and at once the great beast stood quiet.

"Now let go," said Bruce. "I'll take him back. And don't shout or make a row." He spoke soothingly to the bull and the creature quickly quieted down and allowed himself to be led back.

Bruce took him straight up the gangway on to the ship where a square, red-faced man with little side-whiskers was waiting.

"Good work, son!" he exclaimed. "If old Trump had gone over the wharf it would have been fifteen hundred pounds out of my pocket; and he'd have gone, surely, if you hadn't been as quick as you were. Are you sailing in this ship?"

"No," said Bruce. "I wish we were."

The other looked hard at him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

Bruce hesitated. He was getting tired of snubs, but the red-faced man seemed to understand.

"This isn't the right place to talk. That's what you'd like to say. If you and your friend will take a cup of tea with me we can have a yarn."

"Thanks," said Bruce briefly. "We'd be glad to."

The red-faced man, whose name, he told them, was George Gaunt, took them to a teashop and ordered a first-class tea—hot buttered toast, cake, and jam—and waited until the boys had got well to work before he began to ask questions. Then Clive told him the whole story. When he had finished Gaunt nodded.

"Your money's gone," he said. "You'll have to make up your mind to that. But we'll get the stuff from the station."

"The cloak-room ticket—" began Clive, but Gaunt stopped him.

"I'm pretty well known here. I ship twenty thousand pounds' worth of prize stock yearly from this port. If I guarantee the railway company against loss it'll be all right. And there's plenty of time. The Ibis don't sail before nine tonight." He called the waiter and told him to fetch a taxi.

All three got into the cab and started for Lime Street. The driver took a short cut through a narrow side street, and suddenly Bruce gave a gasp and rapped the glass hard. Before the driver could stop the boy was out and running like the wind.

"What's the matter? Has he gone crazy?" demanded Gaunt angrily. But he found himself alone for Clive, too, had flung out and was helping Bruce to chase a mean-looking fellow who was running like mad. Yet not fast enough to get away from Bruce, who caught him from behind, wrapped his big arms round him, and fell on top of him.

"It's the thief," cried Clive as Gaunt came up.

"And here's our money," said Bruce cheerfully as he extracted a wallet from his prisoner's pocket. "Most of it, anyhow."

Gaunt burst into a delighted chuckle. "You're the lads," he cried. "Keep your money, but let the wretched little pick-pocket go. He's had his lesson, and we haven't time to prosecute. Now get back into the cab before a crowd collects."

As the cab drove away they saw the thief pick himself up and go limping away. Gaunt laughed again.

"That settles it," he said. "You two are coming along with me. No, don't thank me. I'm a rich man, and your company will be worth anything I spend on you. A pair of lads like you will keep me happy all the way across."

## CHAPTER 4

### Trouble at Last Chance

BRUCE sat gazing out of the window as the train rumbled northward from Quebec. Clive beside him was studying a map. Some hours earlier the two had said good-bye to their kind friend Gaunt and to Trump the big bull. Gaunt had seen them off from Quebec and before they left had made them a present of a hundred dollars. Not only that, but he had paid their railway fare to Tequam.

"You've got a long trip before you after you leave railhead," he had said. "I shouldn't feel happy if you hadn't money for outfit." Then he added a word of warning. "You won't run into pickpockets up

Continued on the next page

## Toasted Barcelona Nuts in Delicious Milk Chocolate

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there in the woods, but there are worse thieves and more dangerous. So keep your eyes open."

All day the train travelled first North then North-West. At dawn next morning the conductor told the boys that the next stop was Tequam, and the Sun was just rising above the dark spruce forest when they found themselves standing on a little wooden platform while the train roared away in the distance.

"Here's the jumping-off place, anyhow," said Bruce.

"Jumping-off place!" came a drawing voice behind them. "I guess not. This is a metropolis compared with Last Chance."

Both boys turned to find themselves facing a tall, spare man who wore a black flannel shirt and trousers tucked into heavy knee boots. His face was so weather-burned and seamed with wrinkles that it was hard to guess his age. His hair was the colour of sand. But his grey-blue eyes had a glint of fun which made the boys feel happy. "How do you know we're bound for Last Chance?" they demanded.

The tall man took a telegram from a pocket. "This says two Britishers bound for Last Chance are to land up on the 17th. Seeing as there's but one train a day and you two are the only passengers that got off it seems likely that you're the chaps mentioned."

Clive laughed. "Guilty," he said. "But it was good of Mr. Gaunt to wire. Do you know our people at Last Chance?"

"Do I know 'em? I'm the postman. I reckon you're Clive, ain't you?"

"Right again," said Clive. "And this is Bruce. And you are—?"

"Ricard, Bleak Ricard. You fellows had better come along to my place and have some grub. We've got to start in a hour."

"Are you coming with us?" cried Clive. "That's right. Canoe's packed and ready. After breakfast we'll push right along."

He took them to his house built of squared logs with shingled roof. There was a store in front which was also the post office. In all there were only seven houses in the settlement. Mrs. Ricard, a bright-eyed French Canadian, had breakfast ready—hot corn bread, girdle cakes, fried pork, and coffee. Solid fare but just what the boys needed in this keen northern air. Then Ricard showed them how to make up their

Continued in the last column

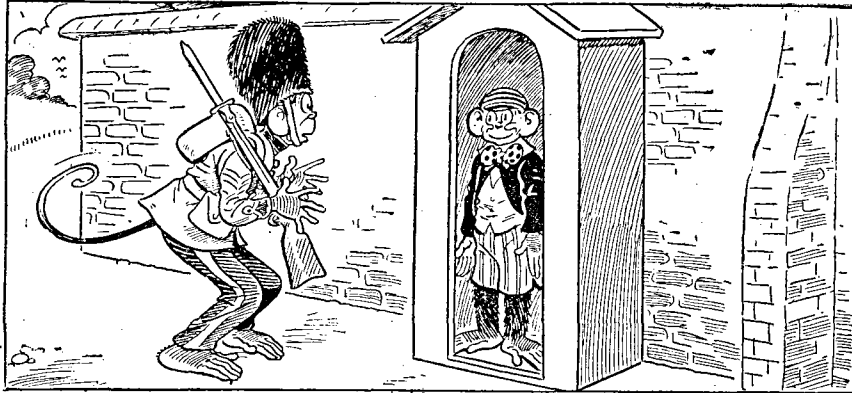
## JACKO PLAYS THE BIG DRUM

JACKO startled the family one day by saying he wanted to be a soldier. "I mean, of course," he added, "when I'm grown up."

"There won't be any soldiers when you're grown up," said Adolphus. "They are going to stop all that sort of thing. And, anyhow, you don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes I do," replied Jacko. "You can keep your hair on. I don't want to fight. I want to play the big drum."

"Well, you certainly never will," said Adolphus. "You can be sure of that." But Jacko only grinned and strolled lazily out of the room.



"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" sang Jacko

A few minutes later he was running along the High Street as fast as his legs would carry him. He ran on till he came to the big iron gates of the Barracks. He nodded pleasantly to the sentry and was going in.

"Here!" cried the man. "Come out of that! What do you want?"

"Important business inside," said Jacko mysteriously.

The man looked at him, grabbed him by the back of his coat, carried him into the road and dropped him like a puppy.

He thought he had seen the last of him; but not ten minutes later he was startled by a noise that made him jump.

Someone was banging on the big drum loud enough to burst it.

In an instant the place was in an uproar. It was that impudent boy! He must be found—instantly.

In the middle of the hubbub Master Jacko calmly scrambled over the big barracks wall and dropped noiselessly down behind the sentry-box.

Back came the sentry. As he passed his box he glanced inside.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" sang Jacko. But before the man had recovered from his astonishment the young scamp had leaped out and disappeared.

stuff in waterproof packs; he provided them with blankets, and within an hour they were in the big canoe and driving away up the Vallier River.

The weather was perfect. Ricard knew every rock and rapid, and the boys soon learned to handle their paddles. Everything went well. After ten delightful days they drove out quite suddenly into a long narrow lake of exquisitely blue water surrounded by low hills, and Bleak pointed to a landing on the right with a clearing behind in which stood a solid-looking range of log buildings. The boys did not say anything, but the way the canoe leaped forward was good proof of their feelings. In almost no time they reached the landing and jumped out.

"Why, where's the folk?" asked Bleak. "There's not a soul in sight."

As they neared the house a tall Chinaman in a blue blouse came out and gazed at them in puzzled fashion.

Bruce reached him first. "Where's Dad?" he demanded.

The man's eyes widened. "You Mister Lyndall?" he questioned.

"I'm Bruce Lyndall. Is my father at home?"

"Him home. No can go out."

Bruce did not wait. He tore into the house. "Dad!" he shouted.

"Who's that?" came a startled voice from a room to the right, and Bruce rushed in. His father, looking white and thin, sat in a long chair with one leg straight out on a rest. He stared at his son as if he could not believe his eyes.

"You, Bruce! How did you come here?"

"That'll keep, Dad. What's the matter with you?"

"I broke my leg a month ago."

"Where's Uncle Quentin?"

A troubled look crossed Mr. Lyndall's face. "I—I don't know. He—he left three days ago."

"But you must know where he went," insisted Bruce.

His father looked round. "Is Clive here?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come closer," said Mr. Lyndall, and Bruce obeyed. "Listen," said the other in a low voice. "Three days ago the whole of our clean-up of gold for the past six months disappeared, and—and your uncle went with it."

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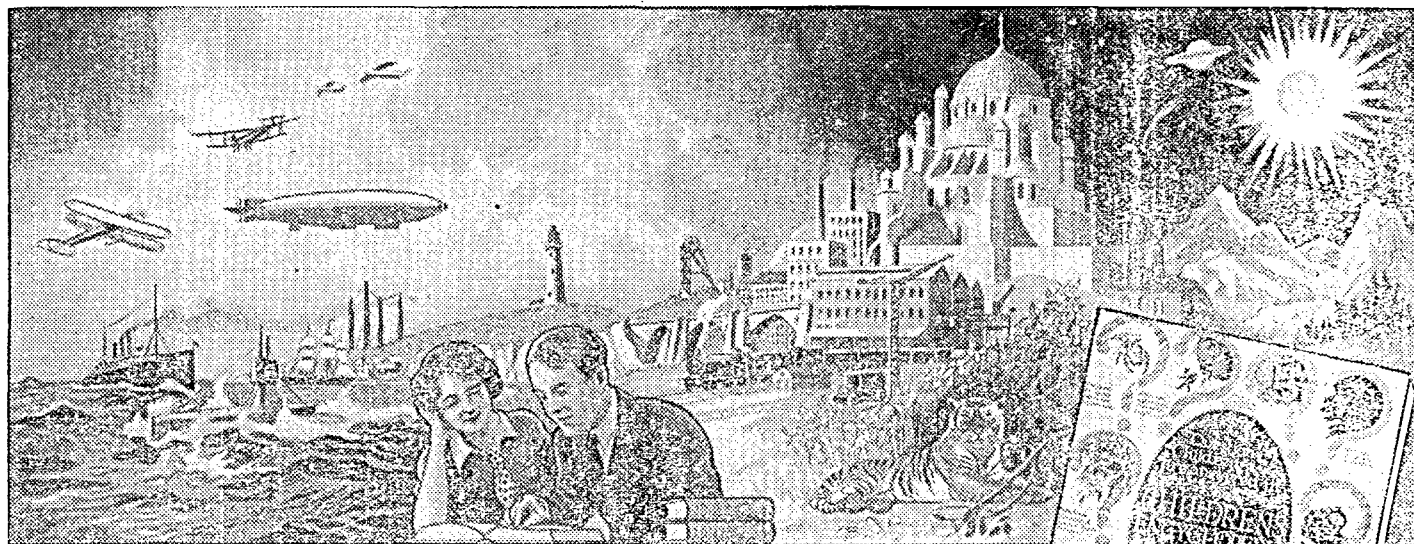
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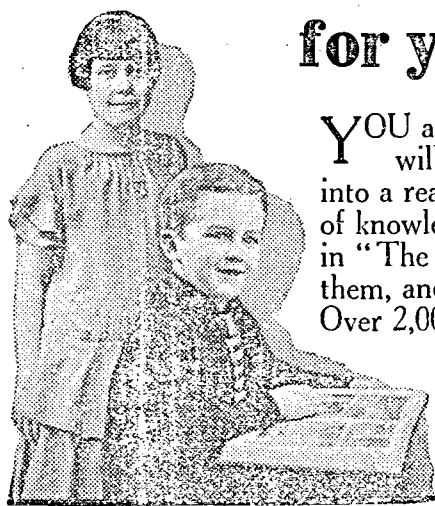
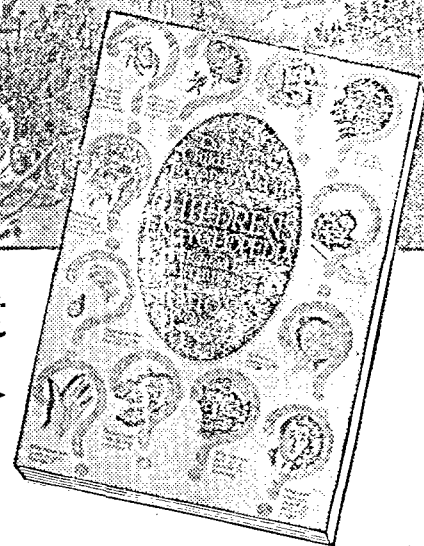
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# THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

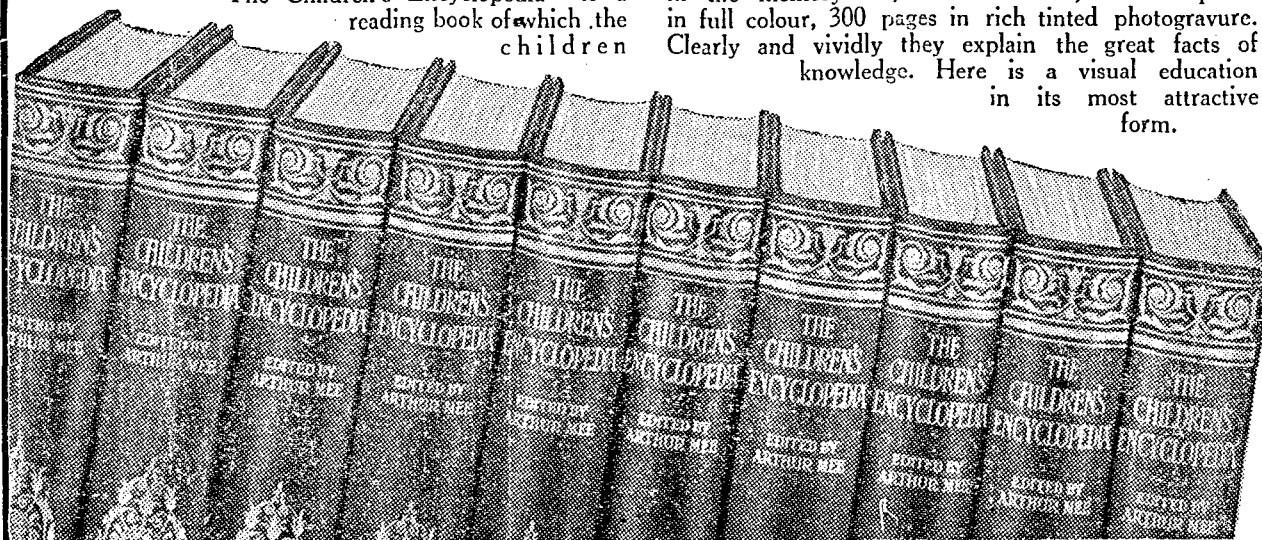
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 6, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

## THE BRAN TUB

### The Greengrocer's Problem

A GREENGROCER bought a certain number of oranges for twelve shillings. If he had bought eight dozen less for the same sum each orange would have cost him a farthing more.

How many oranges did he buy, and what was the price of a dozen?

Answer next week

### A Railway That Goes to Sea

ONE of the most remarkable railways in the world is the Florida South Coast Extension, which connects Miami on the coast of Florida with Key West on an island 160 miles out to sea. The railway is built on a chain of 49 coral islands, which are connected by embankments and viaducts. The longest viaduct is the Knight's Key bridge, which is nearly seven miles long.

### Buried Characters

EACH of the following sentences contains the name of a well-known Shakespearean character.

Virginia goes away tonight.

A clearance sale will be held.

The Nubian carried a heavy spear.

When we came into port I asked for the consul.

The record Elias bought was broken.

He wants a ham; let him have it.

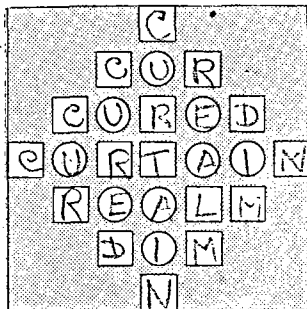
Answer next week

### What Shakespeare Meant

IN The Taming of the Shrew we read "Bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix." The word appendix here means a companion or attendant.

"Then up he rose and donned his clothes and dugged the chamber door," occurs in Hamlet. Dug means to open.

### Word Diamond



PUT consonants in the squares and vowels in the circles and so make a word diamond. The meanings of the words to be made are as follows: Outcast dog. Healed. Window screen. A kingdom. Indistinct. Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Jupiter are in the North-East. In the evening Mars and Neptune are in the West, and Saturn is in the South-West. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on July 10.



### The Words We Speak and How They Came

Erase. The Romans used tablets of metal or wood coated with wax, and on these they scratched their writings with the point of a pencil-shaped instrument called a stylus. The other end of the stylus was flattened, so that when a mistake was made in writing the letters could be obliterated by smoothing the wax over once again with the flat edge. When a Roman did this he would say *erado* (I scrape out), and we still use the same word for rubbing out a word or letter, but we spell it differently and say *erase*.

### Ici On Parle Français



Les grives adorent les vers dodus. Le parapluie sert à nous protéger. La toupe tourne très rapidement.

### An Enigma

I RISE from the lowly,  
I mount to the sky;  
I come from the shadows,  
But I glimmer on high.  
Where ruin and loss are  
There, too, am I.  
But joy, warmth, and comfort  
Quite near me abound,  
And yet with the battle  
I still may be found.

Answer next week

Those Who Come and Those Who Go  
How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns. The four weeks up to May 25, 1929, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1929	1928
London	5742	5984
Glasgow	1877	1938
Liverp'l	1495	1438
Dublin	787	857
Leeds	573	672
Edinb'gh	564	587
Bristol	482	551
Hull	432	440
Cardiff	333	346
Brighton	176	165
Oxford	107	92
Preston	107	147

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

YOUNG broods of partridges and yellow-hammers are fledged. The lesser whitethroats and tree pipit's songs cease. The song thrush lays a second time. Young spotted flycatchers and kestrels are fledged. The glow-worm shines. Young lizards appear. The lappet, yellow underwing, and magpie moths, the elephant hawk moth, the silver-washed fritillary butterfly, and the shore and dor beetles are seen. Yellow bed-straw, dwarf thistle, white jasmine, everlasting pea, great bindweed, marjoram, wild succory, catmint, water soldier, purple loosestrife, great mullein, wild basil, buckwheat, traveller's joy, and horse-leek are in bloom. Gooseberries are ripe. Trees make their mid-summer shoots.

### Salts in the Dead Sea

BESIDES common salt it has been calculated that the Dead Sea contains 1,300,000,000 tons of potash, 20,000,000,000 tons of magnesium chloride, 850,000,000 tons of bromides, and large quantities of other salts.

### Is Your Name King?

It is believed that surnames like King and Priest owe their origin to the fact that an ancestor of those bearing such a name today took the character of a king or priest in some medieval pageant or miracle play, and that the name clung to him and his descendants afterwards.

### What Am I?

My first is in gold but not in steel,  
My second is in touch but not in feel,  
My third is in pearl but not in gem,  
My fourth is in skirt but not in hem,  
My fifth is in mat but not in rug,  
My sixth is in plate but not in mug,  
My seventh is in hoop but not in toy,  
My whole was a giant, slain by a boy.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle  
ATTEST SHAPED  
B RARE MELAINS  
R S CARDINALS SE  
AUNT FIRED SALE  
VIOLA ARE SABOT  
ET EXPLODING EH  
S ISLE R DOES E  
INSERT HAWSER

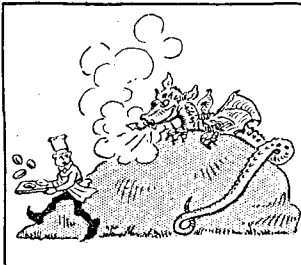
A Money Puzzle  
Jack, 1s. 2d.;  
Tom, 9d.  
Charade  
In-vest-i-gate  
Who Was He?  
Xenophon

## Dr. MERRYMAN

### Rapid Growers

THE young lady was shopping in a big store.  
"Are you quite sure I shall get some big, strong trees from these seeds?"  
"Yes, miss," said the salesman; "I can guarantee them."  
"In that case," replied the young lady, "I will take a ham-mock as well."

### Central Heating



A DRAGON breathing fire and smoke  
Thus to a passing pieman spoke:  
"Your pies are cold? That matters not,  
For I've the means to make them hot!"

### A Delayed Departure

MRS. SMITH looked serious.  
"What is wrong, dear?"  
asked her husband.  
"Why, I was just able to stop that foolish maid of ours from using petrol to make the fire burn," she said.  
"And what did you say to her?" asked Mr. Smith.  
"I reminded her that she had promised to give us a month's notice before leaving."

### Proof Positive

FATHER was testing his son to see what progress he had made at school.  
"Which is farther off," he asked, "America or the Moon?"  
"America, Father," said the boy.  
"Why do you say that, my son?"  
"Because we can see the Moon but we cannot see America."

### Room For Improvement

A CONCEITED young man who had sung at a local concert for the first time in public was discussing his performance with his brother.  
"Did you notice how well my voice filled the hall?" he asked.  
"Yes," was the reply. "And several people were thoughtful enough to leave to make room for it."

### Don't Worry

DON'T worry if your job is small  
And your rewards are few:  
Remember that the mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you.

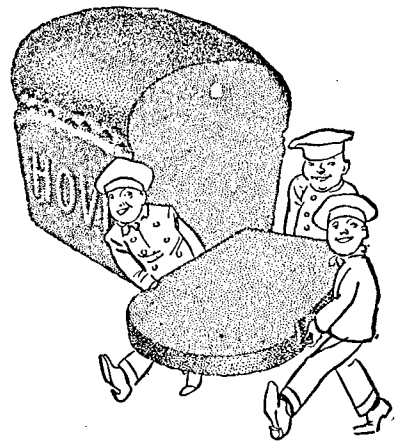


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### FIVE-MINUTE STORY

COLONEL BENN rose up from his verandah in Bombay, went indoors, and, taking a telegraph form from a desk, wrote on it a message to someone in Poona. Then he called for his new servant to take it to the Post Office.

"At the same time," said Colonel Benn, "I have a suit-case which I want you to carry to the bazaar to have my initials put on it. I have written them on this slip of paper."

The servant salaamed and went off, the case in one hand and the slip of paper with the initials written out upon it in the other.

It was about a week after this that the colonel received

a mysterious telegram from Poona which he could not understand. Was it possible that his message had not reached its destination? It certainly looked like it. Anyway this telegram meant that he had better start for Poona at once.

He would call his new bearer to pack a few things for a couple of nights. The man came, and when he heard what his master wanted salaamed many times and explained that as the Sahib's case had not yet been returned from the bazaar his servant would immediately fetch it.

The Colonel nodded and away he went.

But in half an hour's time he was back again, empty-

handed. The Sahib's suit-case was not yet ready. If the Sahib would allow them half an hour longer the case would be quite ready. The lettering was almost finished but not quite.

Not finished after a week! And just to put on three initials! Colonel Benn heaved a sigh at the thought of such laziness and tried to possess his soul in patience.

The case came at last. The bearer held it out for inspection.

"See, Sahib!" he said, smiling with satisfaction, "This suit-case very good. Very well done."

It was indeed well done. The black letters were neat and clear on the brown leather,

### THE COLONEL'S NEW BEARER

but this is what they were: To Mansfield, Kirkee, Poona. I hope to come, but please make arrangements in case prevented. Benn.

They covered most of the suit-case on one side.

When Colonel Benn recovered from his surprise he asked the man this question: "On that sheet of paper which you handed in to the Post Office can you remember if the message contained these three letters, A. F. B., and nothing else?"

"Yes, Sahib," answered the man, smiling. "I remember well—A. F. B."

The colonel had to turn away to hide his amusement, but for some minutes his shoulders shook with silent laughter.